The Outlook

Volume 139 April 15, 1925 Number 15

Reorganizing Prohibition Enforcement

A DETERMINED drive by the Government to enforce the prohibition laws is seen by Washington observers in what, on the face of it, is no more than a shifting of duties of the various Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury. General Lincoln G. Andrews, who recently succeeded Eliot Wadsworth as Assistant Secretary, as we noted last week, is to devote his entire time to branches of the Treasury which have to do with prohibition enforcement. He will have supervision of the Prohibition Unit, the Coast Guard, and the Customs Service. These branches had previously been under the direction of Assistant Secretary McKenzie Moss, but he had numerous other duties.

Under the law, the Prohibition Unit must continue as a part of the Internal Revenue Bureau, but the general belief is that the new arrangement will result in the practical setting up of a separate prohibition bureau, with General Andrews as its actual and not merely its nominal head. His qualifications for such a position are undoubtedly excellent. For thirty years he was in the Regular Army and had wide experience both as an organizer and as a man of action.

The legal status of Commissioner Roy A. Haynes, who has been in charge of the Prohibition Unit since 1921, will not be changed; but actual leadership in the work of enforcement will probably pass to General Andrews. There has been much talk of a successor to Mr. Haynes, but the shifting of duties to Andrews will probably serve the purposes which it was at first thought would be served by placing a new man in Mr. Haynes's place. Prohibition organizations were not willing that Mr. Haynes should be supplanted, and this fact probably had something to do with the new arrangement "higher up."

The most objectionable feature of the prohibition enforcement work has always been the political flavor of its enforcement personnel in the field. For that Major Haynes is not to be blamed. He could not have avoided it wholly. The law under which he acts is faulty. It furnishes an opening for the politicians, and they, of course, have always taken advantage of it. It is believed that General Andrews, with the powers of an assistant secretaryship at his command, can come nearer to eliminating this evil than would be possible for any man acting merely as commissioner of prohibition.

Government Ships

THE whole question of the sale of Government-owned ships will probably be reviewed by the courts, finally by the Supreme Court of the United States, as a result of the recent sale of five ships of the California-Orient Line to the Dollar Steamship Company. A temporary injunction has been issued, on application of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, restraining the Shipping Board from delivering the ships until the question is reviewed. Judicial review will begin in a District of Columbia court, but undoubtedly will proceed to the highest tribunal.

The law under which the sale was made as well as the terms of the transaction between the Shipping Board and the Dollar Line will be passed upon, and effort will probably not be spared to have it declared void. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company will, to be sure, make no effort in this direction, for that company very much desired to buy these very ships; but those who oppose the policy of selling merchant-marine vessels as well as those who doubt the wisdom of the present law will find opportunity to present their case to the courts.

The five ships sold to the Dollar Line have been operated for some time by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and they have been successfully operated both for the company and for the Government. They were making money. The California-Orient Line was the most promising of all lines in which Government-owned ships are operated.

The Pacific Mail Company submitted a bid at the same time that the Dollar Line bid was submitted; but the petition filed in the District Court asserts that it was never considered and that the award to the Dollar Company was illegally made.

Only four of the seven members of the Shipping Board favored accepting the bid of the Dollar Company. The other three, however, did not favor the Pacific Mail Company's bid, but would have rejected both. The price offered by the successful bidder was something over $5,000,000, about one-fifth the cost of replacement. The three dissenting members, of whom Admiral Benson is one, believe that the price is much too low and that the interest of the Government in making certain of continued operation of merchant-marine vessels is not properly safeguarded.

This matter of Government ships is one of tremendous importance, and, while the policy of passing them to private ownership has been definitely adopted, it is doubtless well that the courts have a look at the methods by which the passing is to be done.

Patents and Mines

THE Patent Office, one of the oldest agencies of the Federal Government, must adapt itself to a new family. On April 1, by Executive Order, it was transferred from the Department of the Interior to the Department of Commerce. It has been a bureau of the Department of the Interior for seventy-five years. Before that, for almost sixty years, it had been a part of the State Department.

The transfer of the Patent Office to the Department of Commerce is part of a plan to integrate in that Department all Governmental agencies dealing with commerce and industry. The Joint Committee on Reorganization of Departments recommended the transfer from the Department of the Interior not only of the Patent Office but of the Bureau of Mines. Congress has not acted on either recommendation. The President, however, had authority to make the transfer of the Patent Office, but his right to transfer the Bureau of Mines is in doubt, this Bureau having been placed in the Department of the Interior by act of Congress. There appears to be no real doubt that the Bureau of Mines would

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be more congenially situated in the Department of Commerce, and the fact that it was assigned to the Department of the Interior in the first place is something of an anomaly. Congress, when it passed the law creating the Department of Commerce and Labor, specifically charged the new Department with the duty of promoting the mining interests of the country. Yet the later act creating the Bureau of Mines placed it in the Department of the Interior. Secretary of Interior Work is quoted as believing that a way must be found for transferring it to Secretary Hoover's Department.

The transfer of the Patent Office from one Department to the other will have little effect on its practical workings. It will continue in the stately old building that bears its name and its force of more than 1,200 employees will be changed little or not at all. The Secretary of Commerce, however, will undertake some reforms with regard to patents that, for one reason or another, the Secretary of the Interior has not found it possible to bring about.

Secretary Hoover has announced the beginning of a vigorous campaign for the removal of injustices to American patentees and American manufacturers inflicted by the terms of the patent laws of many other countries. To maintain his patent rights in many foreign countries an American patentee is required continuously to manufacture his product in those countries. Americans, therefore, are forced to establish factories abroad, but foreign patentees are able to use their patents here while manufacturing their products in their own country. There are, Secretary Hoover says, other inequalities, and, he concludes, "we intend to follow up the matter with utmost vigor."

The Farmers' Giant Slave

"I ASK the power company which extends its lines over great areas and connects up many cities and towns to regard the farmer within that territory as one to whom it owes an obligation. If the power companies will recognize such obligation, then I ask them to study the farmer's needs and . . . to supply the service."

"The manufacturer, too, is subject to the indictment of want of interest. He has sought to apply electricity to everything in the world except the farm."

These sentences, isolated as they are, have the sound of a farmer complaining that he has not been fairly treated by the electric power companies and the manufacturers of electrical machinery. In fact, the speaker was Owen D. Young, chairman of the Board of Directors of the General Electric Company. He indicted his own people when he spoke, at Albany, before representatives of farm, university, and electric public utility organizations. "As a social problem," he said, "life on the farm, and particularly in the farmhouses, must be relieved of its exhausting drudgery through the application of electric power." After showing how the power companies were ready to help with every other problem, he said: "But when the cows were to be milked, when the milk was to be separated, when the cream was to be churned, when the silos were to be filled, when grinding-machines were to be run, unfortunately, the electric power company man was not there with his motor and his wire. . . . When farmers find that they cannot tap lines which run directly by their door, they begin to ask, and, in my judgment, properly, why they should not have their service, too."

Perhaps we are at the threshold of general electrification of the farm. The power companies and the manufacturers have pretty thoroughly occupied the other fields. They will not be slow to accept the counsel of men like Young to turn to the unoccupied agricultural field. This development should mean great benefit to agriculture. But this benefit will not accrue to agriculture from the efforts alone of power companies and manufacturers of electrical appliances. As Mr. Young pointed out, the farmer himself must be ready to adopt new methods and, above all, he must be ready to co-operate with his neighbor to secure service from the power companies.

What will make the use of electricity on the farm possible is the growth of giant power. The State of Pennsylvania, under the leadership of Governor Pinchot, has made a study of the effects and problems of such interlocking or pooling of power resources—a study to which we shall in the future revert.

Muscle Shoals Under Study

THE entire problem of operation of Muscle Shoals is to be studied and a plan of operation reported not later than November 15 of this year by a commission of five men appointed by President Coolidge. This should result in a better bill than any that has yet been considered by Congress.

The Commission consists of John C. McKenzie, former Representative in Congress from Illinois; N. B. Dial, former United States Senator from South Carolina; R. F. Bower, of the American Farm Bureau Federation; Harry Curtis, Professor of Chemical Engineering at Yale; and William McClellan, a prominent consulting engineer. It is a well-balanced Commission. The two engineer members are well qualified to solve the technical problems involved. Professor Curtis served on the Nitrogen Survey made under the direction of Secretary of Commerce Hoover. Mr. Bower has been a deep student of fertilizer problems for many years and has devoted much attention to Muscle Shoals. He also was a member of the Nitrogen Survey. Mr. McKenzie was for a number of years a member of the House Military Affairs Committee and is familiar with the defense problems involved in the Muscle Shoals question.

The Commission, doubtless, will take up the question of operation in a practical way with individuals and corporations who might become lessors. The Madden resolution calling for the appointment of a commission directs that this be done. The Madden resolution, however, is not binding, as it was adopted only by the House, and was not mentioned by the President in connection with the appointment of the Commission. But a copy of it was sent to each Commissioner from the White House, and the purpose of the President doubtless is to have it considered by the Commission. Certainly, the Commission should negotiate directly with persons who may be in position to lease the Muscle Shoals plants. No satisfactory bill can be presented to Congress unless this is done. No law that could be passed would be of any consequence unless a lessor could be found to comply with its terms, and there can be no certainty of finding a lessor unless he is consulted in advance. The Underwood Bill was the best of the bills so far introduced. Yet, if it had been passed, the possibility of finding a lessor to comply with its terms would have been remote.

Muscle Shoals already has been dragged through Congress much too long. When the next session begins, there should be available information which

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If you deny me, fie upon your law!

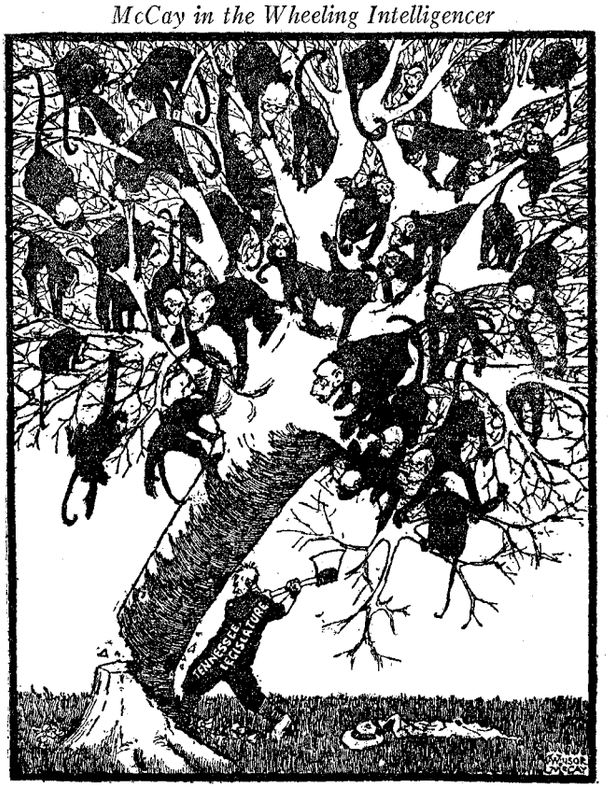
(Merchant of Venice, Act IV, Scene 1)

Cargill in the Fairmont Times

Seems like the more he eats the thinner he gets !

From Leo B. Collabrase, Monongah, W. Va.

McCay in the Wheeling Intelligencer



The family tree

From John M. Goul, Clarksburg, W. Va.

Sykes in the Berkeley Daily Gazette

Copyright, 1925, Public Ledger Co.

Dry

From Miss Jessamine J. Brown, Berkeley, Cal.

Reid for the Bell Syndicate

(C) The Bell Syndicate, Inc., 1925

She has just outgrown our little boat

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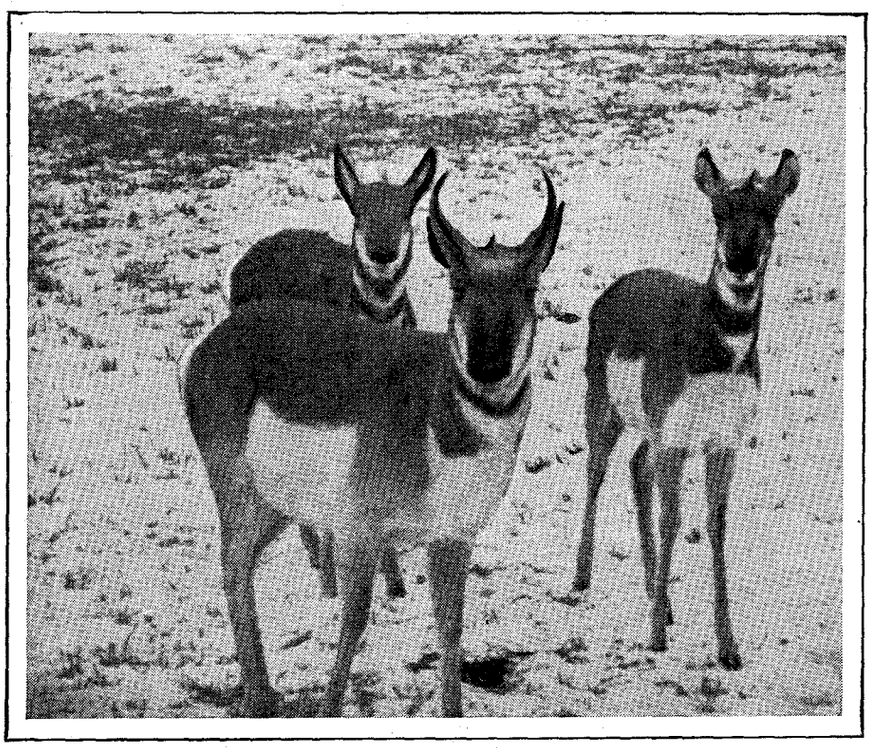

Pronghorned antelope in Yellowstone National Park

will enable Congress to dispose of the question finally.

Saving the Pronghorn

THE pronghorn antelope, one of the most interesting of our native wild animals, is becoming very rare and will become extinct unless adequate means of protection are found without much further delay. The millions which formerly roamed the sage-brush deserts have dwindled to not more than 28,000, and these are in widely scattered small bands. Wolves, dogs, and poachers are rapidly reducing the number still further.

Providing for the future of the antelope is a task much more difficult than was that of assuring the perpetuation of the bison. They have not thrived well under fence even in large inclosures, and suitable wide ranges on public lands are scarce. Experience has shown that the antelope cannot be successfully transported and naturalized. If success is to be made certain, reservations must be set up around existing herds, and the ranges must be sufficiently wide to include both summer and winter habitat. Obviously, the greatest promise of success lies in making a reservation of some area of public land still unoccupied and of relatively little value.

For some years past a number of organizations have worked through the United States Biological Survey toward a conservation programme for the antelope. Various plans have been, for one reason or another, upset. Those interested in the enterprise are hopeful now that President Coolidge will continue the policy inaugurated by Roosevelt and that he will set aside, by proclamation, a reservation for perpetuating this interesting form of wild life. It happens that a double purpose would be served, as the sage grouse, which also is approaching extinction, thrives in the same sort of arid, sage-brush regions most suitable for the pronghorn.

It is probable that no single reservation which could be set aside by the President would be adequate, but it would constitute a starting-point, and other areas which now harbor the scattered remnants of the former millions could be secured by purchase or donation.

Troubles for Herriot

HERRIOT'S position as Premier of France has been becoming more and more precarious.

His troubles began early. He some time ago disappointed his more extreme followers by his failure to reverse the Poincaré policy in the Ruhr. He has allowed the religious issue to reappear in French politics in a way to alienate support. He has aroused resentment by his interference in university administration. At last he has been forced to face what he so long tried to avoid—the duty of raising revenue adequate for the expenditures of the Government.

His failure to handle the financial problem strongly and effectively has of itself been enough to bring his Government to the brink of disaster. It was mainly because the Herriot following was unwilling to support the Poincaré plan for balancing the Budget that Poincaré fell. So Herriot has gone on the vicious principle of trying to keep the Government solvent by making promises. When, however, Clementel, the Minister of Finance, outlined to an unfriendly Senate a plan for issuing more paper money, sentiment against further inflation forced him to resign. But Herriot shrinks from further taxation. A suggestion of a capital levy appeals to the demagogues in the Left or radical groups of politicians; but Herriot shrinks from that, too. As a means of avoiding all of these unwelcome measures, Herriot has pleaded for a sort of semi-voluntary, semi-forced loan by capitalists which is to bear a very low rate of interest. As an ill-camouflaged form of capital levy, any such device is false pretense.

Now Millerand, whom Herriot forced out of the office of President of France, has been triumphantly elected to the Senate.

As if his other troubles were not enough, Herriot—through his Minister of Public Instruction—removed a professor of international law from his chair in the University of Paris to give another man a political job, raised a row among the students, tried to quell it by introducing the police into the precincts of the University, closed the Law School, and, as a consequence, brought about a general strike of students all over France.

It will require something more than Herriot's good intentions to save him.

A Murder for Izzat

THE tender fashion in which the British courts dealt with the name and identity of "Mr. A." (Rajah Hurrie Singh, heir of the Maharajah of Jammu and Kashmir) in a civil suit that grew out of the alleged blackmailing of "Mr. A." may or may not be followed in the criminal investigation now going on in India as to the murder of the millionaire merchant Abdul Kadir Baula and the wounding of Mumtaz Begum, alleged to have been perpetrated by emissaries of the Maharajah of Indore. In both these cases the countries in which these potentates are powerful are semi-autonomous Indian "native states," and the British authorities are alive to the danger of ex-

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citing disturbances that may affect British authority. When at a preliminary hearing Mumtaz declared that her child had been murdered because she left the prince, the prosecutor said, "Record it that the child died," and the charge was not made public.

The early reports of the Mumtaz affair left the impression that it was the outcome of romantic and jealous passion between the prince and the merchant over a nautch girl. But an extremely interesting and full account in a recent cable letter from Mr. Balderston, London correspondent of the New York "World," puts a different aspect on the affair. It appears by this account that the rivalry between these two men was one of prestige, or, as the Orientals call it, izzat. Both men are stupendously rich; both are given to display; the prince is a Hindu, the merchant a Mohammedan. As the correspondent sees the affair, "Mumtaz was the football in a game of izzat between one of India's greatest rulers and one of its wealthiest captains of industry."

Baula was killed and Mumtaz slashed on the forehead by several assailants, who drove their "red murder car" into Baula's fine automobile. It is believed that the assailants were emissaries of the man from whom Mumtaz escaped two years ago. Five officials and soldiers of the Indore Government were arrested and are to stand trial.

In earlier days (Mumtaz went to the Maharajah a very young girl) it is said that he bought her a million dollars' worth of jewels in Paris, and later he built her a palace at a cost of $1,500,000, while his own marvelous palace on Lake Indore is said to have already cost $30,000,000, is to be with its annexes a mile in circumference (so that guests go in motor cars from reception to dining room), and is still unfinished. Incidentally, he is said to have a hoard of gold and jewels worth over $30,000,000 left by an ancestor in the eighteenth century as an emergency fund and still untouched.

Some of the story reads like the "Arabian Nights;" some of it tells of a sordid, bitter fight between two powerful magnates to discredit each other's pride and pomp.

A Warning from South Africa

THERE are two places in the world to-day where the problem of an alien colored race in white territory is seen in its acutest form. One is the Pacific coast of the United States, and the other is the British possession in South Africa. The present experience of South Africa in regard to its Indian population has much instruction for the average American in relation to his own Japanese problem.

The story is soon told. For many years past there has been a steady flow of Indian immigration to South Africa. To a certain extent it has been in progress for centuries, but during the last fifty years it has been greatly developed owing to the demand among the farmers of Natal for Indian labor. Now the Indians, like the Japanese, increase rapidly, and the Indian population of South Africa has in recent years been growing at a rate far in excess of the white population. In certain districts it is already considerably greater, and in certain towns in Natal the Indian is practically in control. The result of all this is that a movement has been developing for years past in Natal to disfranchise the Indians. As long as General Smuts was in control of Cape Town he refused to sanction any such action on the part of Natal. The new Nationalist Government, under General Hertzog, has adopted a different policy and has given its assent to an ordinance which, while not depriving Indians who now possess the municipal franchise of that right, debars its acquisition by Indians in the future. The question thus raised is a thorny one indeed.

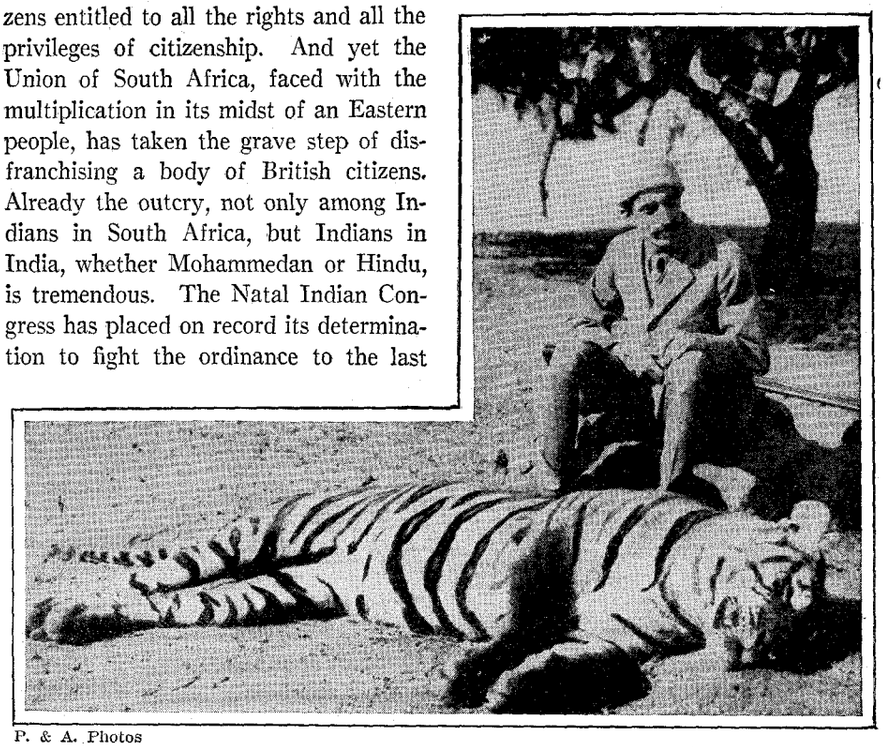
India is an integral part of the British Empire. British Indians are British citizens entitled to all the rights and all the privileges of citizenship. And yet the Union of South Africa, faced with the multiplication in its midst of an Eastern people, has taken the grave step of disfranchising a body of British citizens. Already the outcry, not only among Indians in South Africa, but Indians in India, whether Mohammedan or Hindu, is tremendous. The Natal Indian Congress has placed on record its determination to fight the ordinance to the last ditch and to carry the whole question to the British Privy Council for judgment, if necessary.

The real Japanese problem in the United States is not a problem of immigration, but a problem of the rapid growth of an alien community already settled within its borders. It is all very well for California to pass alien land acts and for the Federal Government to pass exclusion acts. Such action may be necessary as a temporary measure; no one, indeed, really acquainted with the situation as it obtains in California can doubt the wisdom of these acts or their necessity. Nevertheless the real problem lies in the fact that ten or fifteen years from now the children of those Japanese settled in California under the disabilities of aliens will be American citizens, though entirely Japanese in descent. Are they to be also Japanese in sympathy?

International Friendliness Endowed

A PRACTICAL effort to spread pleasant relations and a friendly feeling among students at home and those from abroad resident in America is centered in the just-completed International House of New York City, which we are told is already affording both home and club life for students from several countries, far or near.

The movement began with a single instance of a lonely student from abroad to whom an American extended companion-



P. & A. Photos

The Maharajah of Indore

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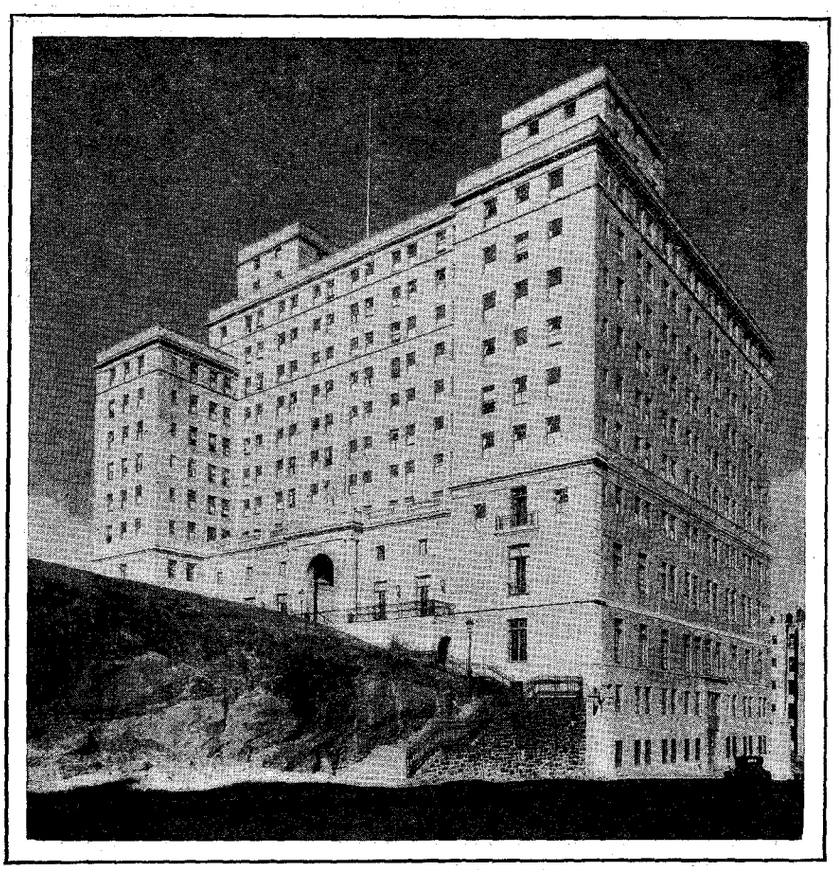

International House, New York

ship. This American, Harry E. Edmonds, was aroused to the consciousness that there was an opportunity for this kind of international hospitality on a large scale. He conceived the idea of a social clearing-house and exchange, and from his conviction that "a university is not a place where everything is taught, but one to which every one may come," came the idea of International House as a world university. He interested others; a Cosmopolitan Club was formed, and now has eight hundred student members. Out of the Club grew in turn the plan of International House, managed by the Club. Its fine building, erected through the munificent gift of $2,500,000 from Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., stands appropriately near Grant's Tomb and the Japanese cherry trees planted by Li Hung-chang in memory of his friend.

There are dormitories for men and women—over five hundred rooms in all; special rooms for conference, social and friendly talks and amusements, an auditorium, and a gymnasium. The income of the institution is expected to pay its expenses.

International House will interpret America to students of many nations. It has aptly been called a new endowment for international friendship.

Jean de Reszke

ESSENTIAL as the performer is to the art of music, his place in the history of the art is necessarily ephemeral. Great composers live through their compositions; but when the performer dies his art dies with him. Even in these days of recording instruments the performer of music can look forward only to a ghost-like survival. So it happens that the death of Jean de Reszke, at seventy-five, on April 3, in Nice, France, means little to those whose memory of musical performances does not go back more than twenty years. And yet among singers—certainly among tenors—he may fairly be said to have been the greatest of his time.

The memory of Caruso is fresher; but, though Caruso had an almost matchless voice, he was not in the same class with de Reszke as a musician and artist.

Mr. W. J. Henderson, who is unsurpassed as a critic of vocal music and the art of the solo singer, once told a lady in response to a question that de Reszke did not have by any means an extraordinary voice. "Then," said the lady, "what makes him such a wonderful singer?" Mr. Henderson adds in his report of this conversation in the New York "Sun:" "This kind of discussion might be paralleled by asking, 'Has Heifetz a $25,000 Strad.?' 'No, he has not.' 'Then what makes him such a wonderful violinist'?"

It was during his ten years on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, that de Reszke, native of Warsaw, won his most notable triumphs.

Not only did de Reszke adapt himself to a great variety of rôles, but he brought to every rôle a keen intelligence and an artistic conscience. It is impossible to think of Jean de Reszke as excusing himself for any shortcoming by attributing it to temperament, or of seeking to hide a defect in musicianship by an effort to create amazement by vocal virtuosity.

A Prophet in Music

WALTER DAMROSCH has just completed forty years of service as conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra.

The first words in his book of autobiography, "My Musical Life," are, "I am an American musician." He has certainly been that, but more. He has been an educator and a citizen. He has served his country by making it richer in those things that make for National greatness. As life is more than meat and the body than raiment, so what he has done for America has been more than it would have been if he had merely added, even immeasurably, to its material wealth. Certainly in the list of American educators of distinction and achievement belongs the name of Walter Damrosch.

In that same book to which we have referred he quotes what he calls "a wicked remark" of the famous flute player, a great artist, George Barrère. Asked once, "If you were not a musician, Monsieur Barrère, what would you like to be?" he promptly replied, "An orchestral conductor!" Well, to be such an orchestral conductor as Walter Damrosch has been one needs to be something more than a musician. Mr. Damrosch's educational spirit is indicated by the following passage in his book. After describing his Beethoven Festival, the first ever given in New York, which included all the nine symphonies in chronological order, he adds:

> Such festivals devoted exclusively to the work of one composer are a great lesson to the serious music lover, and I think that as Beethoven represents almost the alpha and certainly the omega of symphonic music, there should be repetitions of Beethoven's cycles every few years. I have never

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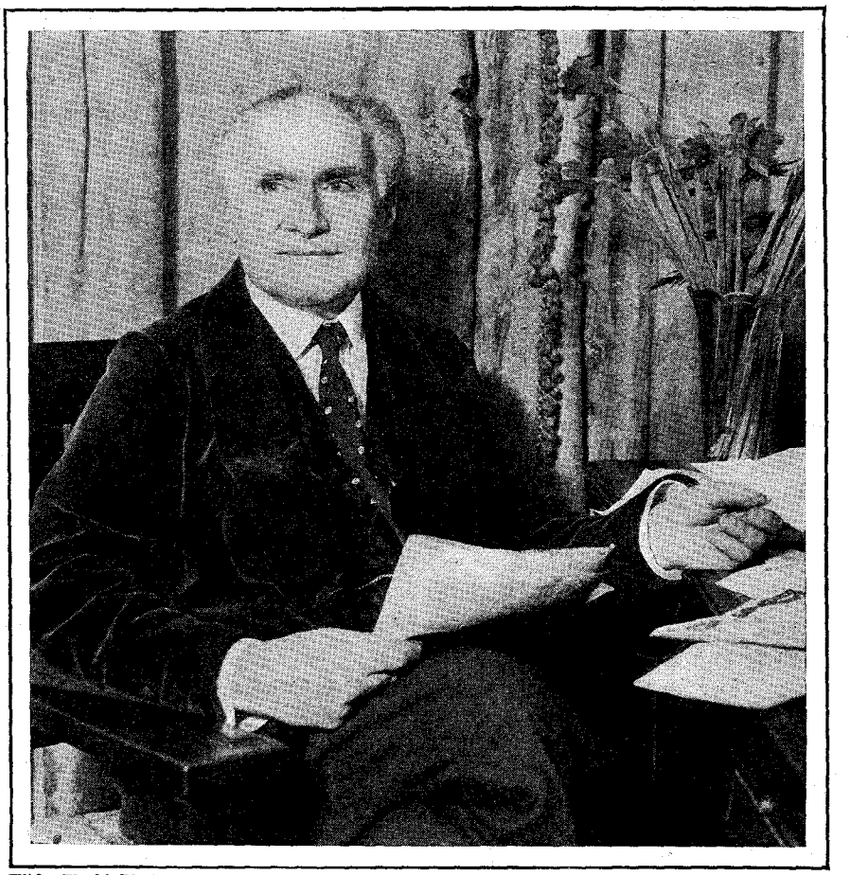
been able to understand why it should not be similarly possible to give Shakesperean cycles in spring, in which all of our best actors could combine to make up ideal casts.

To Walter Damrosch, as to his revered father, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, whom he succeeded, America owes an enduring debt for an inestimable service not merely in the development of musical taste but in the enriching of the resources of the American mind and soul.

During the war he justified Theodore Roosevelt's statement that "in character, ability, loyalty, and fervid Americanism he, and his, stand second to none in the land." He made music serve the cause of freedom in ways which called for both ingenuity and fortitude.

There are some prophets who use the spoken word and others who write; Walter Damrosch, whether as conductor, teacher, or composer, has been a prophet who has testified for truth and beauty through the medium of music.



Wide World Photos

Walter Damrosch

Easter

TWO days in the Christian year are superior to all others; and both are days of life and rejoicing. Among the first Christians there was little inclination to celebrate special days or occasions. With a sense of release from the bondage of Jewish law and with the belief in the near approach of the end of the world, the early disciples thought of all time as sacred. So every meal in which those early Christians participated was a Lord's supper, and every assemblage was in spirit a celebration of the Lord's resurrection. In the course of time, however, the need of man for special reminders of what he prizes most called for special observances. It is significant that the chief places among these days of commemoration should be occupied, not by fasts, but by feasts; not by the remembrance of sorrow, but by the remembrance of happiness; not by thoughts of sacrifice and death, but by thoughts of birth and resurrection.

Too often the religion of Jesus has been represented as a religion of deprivation, gloom, repression, and denial. The attacks of the author of "Thus Spake Zarathustra" on Christianity as a slave religion were made possible by the misreading and misrepresentation of that religion by some of its own followers. Sacrifice, restraint, and repression have their places in life, and therefore have their places in the faith that deals with life, but they are neither the ends of life nor the ends of faith. They may be essential incidents, but they are incidents. And this the great body of those who have held the faith that is called Christian have recognized and have symbolized in Christmas and Easter as the two great days of the year.

And of the two, Easter is greater, for it represents not merely life, but life victorious; not merely joy, but joy that has been tested and yet endures. The happiness of Christmas is the happiness of the child. The happiness of Easter is the happiness of maturity. Christmas represents the faith that faces life like the happy warrior. Easter represents faith that has been through the battle like the veteran. He who thinks that to be wise is to be sophisticated, and therefore cynical, has not yet graduated from the school of life. Those who have suffered most are those who see most clearly that truth and right and happiness are ultimately dominant. Amiel, who left in his journal a record of a sensitive spirit that suffered from troubles of the mind that were not outmatched by even the ills of his frail body, wrote one day: "My creed has melted away, but I believe in good, in the moral order, and in salvation; religion for me is to live and die in God, in complete abandonment to the holy will which is at the root of nature and destiny."

The A B C of Immigration

THE interview with the Japanese Ambassador published in this issue of The Outlook says that his mission is "to restore American-Japanese relations to their former state of mutual confidence."

That is a consummation devoutly to be wished for. It is a consummation, however, which must rest on a foundation built of mutual respect for the serious problems which face both America and Japan.

The people of Japan must recognize the fact, as her leaders already do, that there is no threat to her authority in our exercise of our national right to maneuver our battle-fleet on the high seas. The maneuvers which alarmed some elements of the Japanese public opinion are part of the regular practice programme of our Navy. They were determined upon long before the immigration question reached a stage of acuteness.

Japan does recognize that we have a right to determine our own immigration

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policy. The maintenance of that right is as much in the interests of Japan as in our own. No nation can weaken the essential safeguards of other nations without at the same time shaking the foundation of its own. No nation can be sure that the time will not come when a general and equitable principle of international law will not be needed by its own nationals. If a nation stretches the code of international law to attain its own ends, it may in the course of time find that it has done irreparable damage to its own citizens.

The United States has no regret because of its insistence that it had the right to determine the qualifications of its future citizens. Every American, however, deplores the fact that in the maintenance of that right we did not observe some of the niceties of international relationship.

The fact is that America was forced into a difficult situation because she attempted to establish a sound immigration policy upon a false and artificial basis. The Quota Law in its genesis was intended to save the feelings of Japan. It operated to injure the feelings of Japan because it did not face the issue involved fairly and squarely.

The coming session of Congress might very well take up the whole question of immigration *de novo* by going back to first principles.

What does America seek to attain?

She wants, so far as is now possible, to obtain a homogeneous population no element in which is debarred from citizenship or from full social acceptance.

What is the test America must apply?

She must select her future citizens from those who will make desirable parents and grandparents of American children.

Can such an end be attained by the process of establishing racial and national quotas?

Emphatically it cannot. The basis must be determined by our National needs and by the capacities of the individual applicants for citizenship.

Is it possible to effect such an end by the examination of immigrants on our own shores?

It is not. The examination must take place as near as possible to the home of the would-be immigrant, where records of his life are available and his capacities are known and ascertainable.

Has a plan of this kind ever been successfully tried?

Certainly. It is in successful operation just across our northern border. Canada picks and chooses her citizens according to her own social and industrial needs.

Does such a process invite international complications?

The history of Canada and the United States would certainly indicate that the contrary is true.

The proposal which we have outlined would require that Congress lay down a general law defining the requirements which must govern the selection of our future citizens, which would in no wise relax our present standards, and that, under proper safeguards against bureaucracy, the administration of this law be turned over to a commission composed of biologists, sociologists, and engineers of the highest rank. It would be the duty of this commission to investigate the needs of the United States and to draw up regulations by which our consular officers might visé the passports of intending emigrants. A rejection of an application for a visé on a passport would only imply that the United States was in no need, at the present time, for the particular services which the intending emigrant was in a position to offer.

Such a programme would save much suffering for aliens. It would eliminate all excuse for international complications, and it would leave as a final test for admission the one justifiable sanction—the welfare of the United States of America.

A Quarter-Century of Best Sellers

UNDER the slogan-title "Fewer and Better Books," an anonymous publisher-bookseller not long ago in the "Atlantic Monthly" pointed the way to more satisfying results both to the two book-distributing agencies he represents and to the reader of taste and discernment. Briefly, it was to limit production by killing off admittedly weak and worthless books before they are born, so to speak. He thinks that thereby the total American production might be reduced to not over 7,000 titles. As he fixes the output for the year 1923 at 8,863, the reduction does not seem excessive; there are plenty of booksellers, publishers, librarians, reviewers, and readers who would rejoice to see the slaughter consummated.

Yet this writer's own figures give some reason for surmising that a sort of literary survival for the fittest is already under way. Actually there were published in the United States in 1923 about 4,600 books less than in 1910, the high-water year for production, and the decrease in the intervening years, while not invariably constant, has been fairly steady. Moreover—and this may surprise those who suppose that "fool fiction" accounts for most book-making—only 1,080 of the 8,863 titles listed for 1923 were fiction, and in one year (1915) the novels score was only 919.

What is the reason for the decrease? Various theories are propounded: the movies, the great number of fiction magazines (any one who watches the great woman's monthlies, for instance, will get abundant proof that the reading of stories in serial form is enormous), the radio, and just now the cross-word puzzle, the devotees of which, some librarians say, now care for only one book—the unabridged dictionary.

Some curious deductions might be drawn about best sellers in fiction and the most popular authors from two articles that lately appeared in the "Publishers' Weekly," written by Professor Irving H. Hart, of the Iowa State Teachers' College. Professor Hart has collated best-seller records for the first quarter of the century, thus covering, we believe, all or most of the time since such lists have appeared. From this material he has worked out two lists; one gives, on a scale of 1,000 as highest, the titles of a hundred individual novels which have ranked highest in the period; the other presents the names of the hundred most popular authors in that period calculated from the number of times their books have appeared among the best sellers.

As we run through the first list we are struck with the "sandwiching in," if we may so express it, of good and poor novels—good and poor, that is, in the opinion of adequate literary critics today. Take, for instance, the six novels at the head of this list: "Main Street," "If Winter Comes," "The Rosary," "The Sheik," "The Inside of the Cup," and "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." A mixed sextette, surely! And wherever we turn in the list we find this queer collocation of real value and ephemeral notoriety. It is safe to say that the critical reader, picking winners from the standpoint of literary art, could find here half a dozen cross-sections like this which would seem as good as the first; and everywhere also he would find fiction of high quality and permanent worth cheek by

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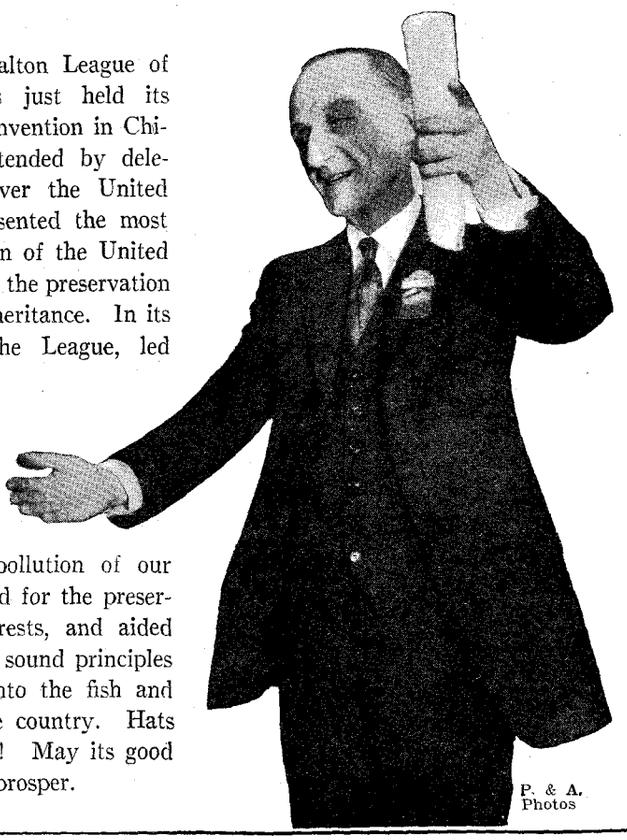
THE Izaak Walton League of America has just held its third National Convention in Chicago. It was attended by delegates from all over the United States, who represented the most enlightened opinion of the United States in regard to the preservation of our outdoor inheritance. In its brief existence the League, led by the dynamic personality of Mr. Dilg, has many notable achievements to its credit. It has fought the pollution of our waterways, labored for the preservation of our forests, and aided greatly in writing sound principles of conservation into the fish and game laws of the country. Hats off to the League! May its good work go on and prosper.



P. & A. Photos

WILL H. DILG Founder and President of the Izaak Walton League of America

jowl with books already forgotten or never worth printing. The conclusion is forced on one that there are separate classes of readers, and that for both the fine and the foolish novel there is a big following. Some alliterative person has said that the modern reader longs for sentiment, sensation, and salacity. How erroneous such a conclusion is becomes quickly apparent from this list.

Do novel readers like the work of foreign authors? Naturally, there are more American than other English-written novels sold, and naturally the number of novels not originally written in English is quite small. But the difference in this record as to popularity is surprisingly large; an author like Oppenheim or Locke or Sabatini sells enormously; yet only twenty-four out of the hundred in Professor Hart's list of popular authors are of English birth. Locke stands highest in these in the author list, closely followed by Oppenheim, but eight American authors precede. Those eight, by the way, illustrate again the unevenness of best-seller records. They are Winston Churchill, Harold Bell Wright, Booth Tarkington, George Barr McCutcheon, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Zane Grey, Gene Stratton Porter, and Eleanor H. Porter.

Far down among the nineties in the scale of authors' popularity one finds four English writers, in this order: Elinor Glyn, William De Morgan, Arnold Bennett, and May Sinclair. Fate or mathematics has surely been unhappy in this conjunction; the judicious must grieve not so much for the low visible popularity of three recognized masters of English fiction, but for their peculiar juxtaposition in the constellation in which they are placed.

Benevolent Bureaucracy

Is It Managing Our Forests?

TO its definition of bureaucracy as "specifically, excessive multiplication of, and concentration of power in, administrative bureaus," the Century Dictionary adds this note:

> The principle of bureaucracy tends to official interference in many of the properly private affairs of life, and to the inefficient and obstructive performance of duty through minute subdivision of functions, inflexible formality, and pride of place.

Americans are shy of bureaucracy and bureaucrats.

When great areas of the public domain were first reserved as National Forests, the people, principally of the West, became suspicious. Accustomed to a life of freedom and individualism, they valued their own independence and the right of local self-government. When the Forest Service was first organized, they were therefore on their guard. In an account of the Forest Service by Mr. Herbert A. Smith, Assistant Forester in charge of public relations, this period in the history of the Forest Service is referred to as "the days when a forest officer in that country couldn't go to a dance without having it made quite obvious to him that his room was preferred to his company." And Mr. Smith clearly recognizes the reason for this antipathy to the Forest Service in those days, for he says:

> Much of the early opposition to the National Forests was based on the feeling that the system was un-American. It was held that private enterprise could develop to best advantage the great resources involved. On general principles, the average American has a healthy dislike of too much government; and further, experience gives him good warrant for skepticism of our ability to get public business taken care of both cheaply and well.

That that feeling of antipathy has largely disappeared is due to the skill with which the Chief Foresters in turn, not only administered the National Forests, but managed the public. Gifford Pinchot, the first Forester, was an evangelist in office. He made forestry a cause. But more lately the Forest Service has won popularity for itself by making it easy for the people to use the Forests as playgrounds. In a letter to The Outlook, written in reply to an inquiry of ours, Gifford Pinchot, now Governor of Pennsylvania, has frankly said that this has been one of the policies of the Forest Service from its earliest days, and adds:

> With the Forest Service the recreation use is incidental. But any man acquainted with State and National Forests knows that in populated regions their recreational use, while incidental, is an enormously important use the world around. Out of it comes a very large share of that public support which in the last analysis is the only thing that will make the Forests safe.

Gradually, too, the Chiefs of the Forest Service have raised the standards of character and ability required of the Forest Service employees. Although in Mr. Gregg's article, which we published

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in February, criticising certain policies of the Forest Service, there was no reflection upon the character of the Forest Service personnel, we have received many letters testifying to the honesty, industry, and public spirit of the employees generally of the Forest Service and specifically of the forest rangers. In a letter in which he gives us much interesting information, Senator Duncan U. Fletcher, of Florida, writes:

> I have never encountered in any department of the Government a more intelligent, energetic, capable, and patriotic set of men. Many of them could obtain in private life much larger salaries than they are receiving. They all love the Service and are devoting their lives to a skillful solution of the problems, which means the conservation of our timber supplies and the highest and best uses of the Forest Reserves, in the public interest.

This tribute of Senator Fletcher's is characteristic of others which we have received from which we have no space to quote. Included in these tributes were tributes to the wives of married rangers. In his article Mr. Gregg expressed the opinion that "the best man for protecting an area is a single man occupying a cabin in the midst of his district." On that point we do not agree with Mr. Gregg's view. One reason why married men with families can serve more efficiently than single men is expressed picturesquely by Mr. Charles G. Dunwoody, Director of Conservation of the California Development Association, who writes to us:

> On the Angeles National Forest there are thirteen married rangers. In these cases I will say that the Forest Service has the equivalent of twenty-six rangers. This fact has been demonstrated during many of our serious fires. The ranger is usually out on the fire line performing his duty, while his wife sticks by the telephone, keeping the line of communication open, rendering much valuable service in this way.

A ranger's wife indicates another way in which a married ranger is of more use than a single one. She writes:

> My husband had been a ranger for more than two years when I married him. . . . Now he does not have to do any cooking, washing, and other numerous household duties which he had to do before, and is thereby able to spend that time on his duties. Of course, if your ideal ranger were to "hole up" like some of the bachelors do that live in this vicinity, he would not be bothered much with housework, but such type of men, and this the Forest Service has found out, are not worth their board.

Indeed, at times the married ranger's usefulness to his Government may be more than twice that of a single man, as is indicated by a letter from a Forest Service employee who writes:

> I myself know wives, and boys of nine and ten years old, from the families of the married rangers, so scorned by Mr. Gregg, who voluntarily, without pay, have taken their turn and held their places on the fire line, or as first aid, as extra, sorely needed support to the organized attack made by the regular fighters, in many a weary and desperate battle.

Accustomed to such praise and conscious of their own rectitude, past and present employees of the Forest Service have felt aggrieved by the questions raised in The Outlook concerning forestry policies and practices. Remonstrances have come not only from Forest Service employees, but from foresters in the employ of States and of private corporations, and from professors of forestry. Many of the best in forestry schools go into the Government employ and many of the best in the Government employ are lured into private or State service. The Professor of Forestry in the University of Maine, whose letter is printed on another page, indicates by his expressions how closely bound the whole profession of forestry is with the National Forest Service. If a nerve of the Forest Service is touched, the whole profession reacts. Of course Professor Briscoe's letter, in its conception of what is becoming in a scholar and gentleman, should not be taken as fairly typical of the profession at large; but it is typical in its responsiveness to any question concerning National Forest policies.

As a consequence there has grown up during twenty years a powerful body within and without the Forest Service which has the semblance of that bureaucracy which the early opponents of the Forest Service feared might grow into being.

One of the surest signs of such a powerful body of men centered in a Government bureau and extending into a profession is a sense of power expressing itself in open attack upon the motives of those who venture to criticise it. Foresters within and outside of the Government have shown that they have been, to quote the phrase of one of them, all "het up." One forest employee expresses his contempt for such criticism by saying that it is "irritating, in the same sense that I must confess my six-year-old son irritates me at times, when his bland incomprehension of facts beyond his level of understanding is thrust too persistently into the circle of grown-up affairs in our home." The temper of the bureaucrat evidently extends in that case into the family circle, and finds the questioning of even a child intolerable. Letters from those engaged in forestry use such words as "venomous," "personal attack," "illuminating ignorance," "malicious intention," "not decently informed," "guff." Not only do individual foresters impugn the motives of the critic, but an organization of foresters has formally done so. In a resolution signed by members of the Society of American Foresters it is declared that the criticisms of the Forest Service which appeared in The Outlook "appear to be directed by other than motives of fair and just investigation."

And the reason for this attitude is very well, though unconsciously, stated in an editorial by an organ of the grazing interests, which (apparently intending to defend the Forest Service) says that "tackling a buzz saw" is preferable to "touching up our lusty and virile Forest Service crowd," and counts itself among those who "know the extent to which the Forest Service has dug itself in."

The other day Senator Borah, in an address before the Izaak Walton League, cautioned the country to be on its guard against the development of bureaucracy in America. We do not question that the intent behind the Forest Service is public-spirited and benevolent; but we think the indications are clear, from the documents before us, that the spirit and temper of the Forest Service is in danger of becoming bureaucratic.

One of the reasons why the merit system in the Civil Service has had a hard road to travel in this country is the popular fear of bureaucracy. Permanency of place, made secure by appointment after competitive examination, makes possible the creation of bureaus that are removed from the force of public opinion and the reach of public criticism. Those who believe in the merit system, as we do, must make sure that it does not identify itself with a bureaucratic theory. The worst enemies of a true merit system are those who, once securely lodged in the Civil Service, show contempt or disregard for public criticism.

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Lord Curzon

Correspondence from ELBERT F. BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

THE last time I saw Lord Curzon to talk with him was when I lunched with him two years ago. The Marquis Curzon was an Englishman of the old school. He had "the grand manner," evident pride of race and class, yet withal he was a scholarly, gentlemanly, gracious, patently sincere man, with upright singleness of mind and heart. It was a satisfaction to breathe the same atmosphere as this man of lofty ideals. An interesting light on his domestic character was shown when during the war's darkest hours the King and Queen of the Belgians intrusted their children to his household for safe-keeping.

Lord Curzon entered his dining-room supporting himself by a cane. He walked heavily. I had been told that he wore some sort of machine up his back because from his earliest years he had suffered from a spinal disease; that this had kept him out of athletics and that he was never free from pain. I conceived a great sympathy for him, and I said to myself: "Certainly this explains some of Lord Curzon's mannerisms. He has had to be arrogant to his own body. It is but a step to be so to other bodies."

As my host approached his head was thrown back as if about to defy some one. Yet his expression was wholly friendly. He saluted me in a few rapid, sharply accented, pleasant words of welcome. Then he smiled amicably enough and less enigmatically than when I had seen him "on dress parade."

If Lord Curzon was of the old school, he was also of the old governing caste. He was surcharged by the conviction of the British Empire's strength and glory as the greatest thing in the world. Consequently, he had a patriotically high sense of duty towards that Empire. I could detect it in every word. When he spoke of the Empire, he was especially clear, convinced, eloquent, forceful, as becomes one carrying on the splendid English tradition of life consecrated to the public service, to the Imperial service.

Yet as carried on by Lord Curzon that service was not free from a certain insularity, because to him, as to most of his countrymen, everything un-English was so "beastly foreign." He knew no Continental language well save French, and that he spoke, I noticed, with rather poor accent. However, he doubtless thought he could afford any kind of accent in a foreign tongue as long as he spoke his own with such exquisite purity, exactness, and adequacy.

The great Jowett, Master of Balliol College, Oxford, had four particularly promising pupils. They became Lords Milner, Grey, Asquith, Curzon. In doggerel worth quoting because of the less familiar third and fourth lines, an irreverent undergraduate described Curzon as saying:

My name is George Nathaniel Curzon.
I am a very superior person.
My face is smooth, my hair is sleek.
I dine at Blenheim twice a week.

Lord Curzon never lived this down. To the end he remained very conscious of his own identity and superiority. Of course it was a radical defect of temperament. It hampered him in every way. Because of it, no matter how much he gained men's respect, he could not gain equal popularity among them. Why, even at lunch I was expecting some benevolent condescension!

I also expected some evidence of Lord Curzon's sarcasm—a dangerous weapon. Despite his devotion to India, he had permitted himself sometimes to refer to the natives in caustic terms instantly resented by them. Also Stanley Baldwin's cordial approach to M. Poincaré, not long ago, received a cold douche when Mr. Baldwin's Foreign Minister, in a speech directly afterwards to the Dominion Premiers, referred sarcastically to the French. But no condescension or sarcasm was noted in his dining-room.

What I did note at the lunch was that, first, Lord Curzon's talk revealed a really Rooseveltian appetite for information and knowledge, and, as well, an apparently inexhaustible power of absorption. Secondly, Lord Curzon had an equally remarkable power of concentrating and condensing his thoughts and language, of economizing his talents. His energy and his capacity for taking pains, added to his sense of duty, made notable everything he did.

He was always animated by the thought of India as the key to Empire policy. That insistent idea of his struck me years ago on reading one of his early books, "Problems of the Far East." Hence I was not surprised to see his war efforts crystallize themselves in the taking over of Mesopotamia and Mosul. Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty of India may stand out in history as his greatest work. Surely no Viceroy ever read better the Oriental mind with its sentiment for the trappings of power, no Viceroy knew more accurately about every part of his great dominion or tried more conscientiously to do his duty as he saw it. However brilliant the reign, the Viceroyalty ended in disappointment. At the close of his seven years' service, Lord Curzon collided with an equally determined man, Lord Kitchener, Commander-in-Chief in India, on the subject of the supremacy of the civil over the military power. The Viceroy was worsted. He resigned and returned home, humiliated. As it turned out, however, Lord Curzon, essentially an aristocrat, could hardly have faced the self-government movements confronting his successors and won a success for democracy.

This was only one of his disappointments. He had long set his heart on three ambitions—to have an heir, to be made a duke, to become Prime Minister. He realized none of these. Even for the lesser ambition, to be Foreign Minister, he had to wait many years.

More than that, his Foreign Ministry was in certain respects a disappointment to himself and to others. This was not at all because he did not labor with prodigious industry. Foreign Office officials have told me how he would spend, not only entire days at the Office, but how, at his Carlton Terrace house, across the park, he would spend night after night, excluding any evening engagement, in reading and annotating despatches. Nor would he lighten these labors by dictation. Not only had every detail to be attended to by himself personally, but every comment had to be written out in his own exquisite, patient chirography.

Somewhat with the detachment of a Woodrow Wilson, Lord Curzon kept himself largely aloof from his kind. Lord Balfour certainly, yes, even Ramsay MacDonald, had the affection of the Foreign Office personnel as Lord Curzon never had. Perhaps the late Foreign Minister despised his former chief, Lloyd George, "the little Welsh commoner," who had not one-tenth of his own erudition. Yet the Welshman could "walk all round men" where Lord Curzon could not take a step. Had the latter known men as well as he knew facts and details, and had he possessed the imagination exuberant in the Lloyd George mind, he might have been one of the greatest of Foreign Ministers. But when he found himself face to face with inflexible characters, now a Kitchener, now a Poin-

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caré, he lacked the human knowledge necessary to put himself in their places.

He needed more than that. You may know all the details of a problem, and yet not be able to grasp the problem itself. Here again, when Lord Curzon found himself in the presence of some accomplished fact displeasing to him, like the Ruhr occupation, nettled by its very success, he spent his time fussing over tardy twinges of legalities instead of bringing a true world vision to bear upon its essential justice. The French will remain long exasperated by the Foreign Office note of August 11, 1923.

Only last November the mighty Curzon had the final humiliation of being put down from his seat as Foreign Minister by a modest country gentleman, Stanley Baldwin, Premier, and being asked to take a subordinate Cabinet position, so that the Foreign Ministry might be given to a man from Birmingham with half the Curzon training but with a better than the Curzon attitude.

There was also the previous humiliation of the Conference of Lausanne. I was there for three months, and saw it day by day. Lord Curzon, the first British ambassador to the Conference, splendidly won his first contention—to free from Turkish bondage the straits separating Europe from Asia. But he practically lost his second contention—to deliver the Armenians and Greeks from oppression.

Our aristocrat had to serve under four commoners—Mr. Asquith, as he was then, and Mr. Lloyd George in the Coalition Cabinets; Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Baldwin in the Conservative Cabinets. Being of the old order, Lord Curzon gloried in political titles and in titles of nobility. Yet his titles of nobility brought him disappointment, for nowadays Prime Ministers are not chosen from among the members of the House of Lords. As to a ducal preferment, his name did not appear in the King's New Year list, as some expected it would.

The title which Lord Curzon richly earned and long kept was that of leader of the House of Lords. All parties were glad that he did not carry out his recent intention of refusing again to accept that position. He was an honor to his party and to the nation there.

All in all, we may not see his like again.

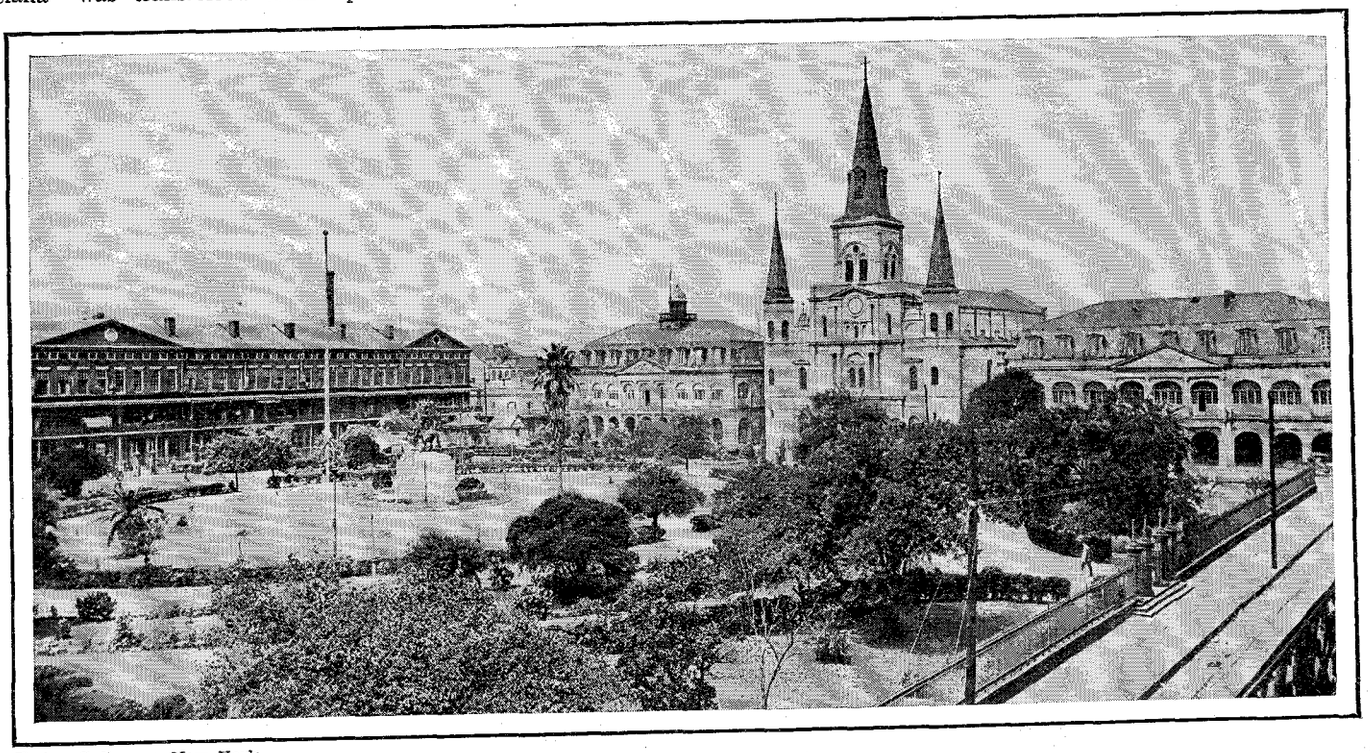
Geneva, Switzerland.

The Mistress of the Mississippi

New Orleans, turning from the gracious memories and traditions of old Creole days, works for a constructive commercial future

By GEORGE MARVIN

SITTING in Jackson Park, New Orleans, you may look either east or west. Looking west, your survey takes in the New Orleans of other days. Over the trees appears the ancient façade of the Cabildo, built in 1795, where the enormous territory of "Louisiana" was transferred from Spain to France, and by France sold to the United States. Flanking the Cabildo, the old Cathedral of St. Louis, with its three tapering, shining spires, faces the Mississippi across the park, where victorious General Jackson, who attended mass in its shadowy aisles after the Battle of New Orleans, now sits serenely on his rearing horse of bronze. On these decrepit bronze-green benches—perhaps on that very bench where now an amorous couple are making love with Old World frankness—Lafcadio Hearn brooded despondently day after day and O. Henry, in terms of fiction, was profitably unemployed. Beyond the Cathe-



Ewing Galloway, New York

"Flanking the Cabildo, the old Cathedral of St. Louis, with its three tapering, shining spires, faces the Mississippi across the park, where victorious General Jackson . . . now sits serenely on his rearing horse of bronze"

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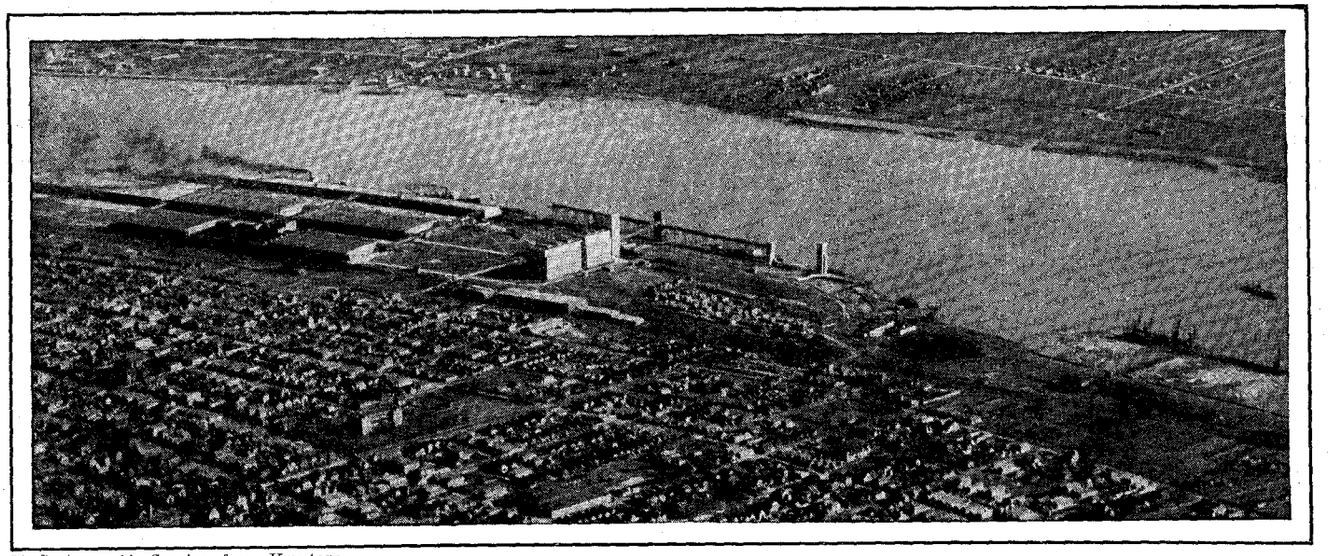

U. S. Army Air Service, from Keystone

The water-front that is the heart of New Orleans

dral and the Cabildo lies the Vieux Carré, the richly flavored Spanish-French quarter of Cable's "Old Creole Days" and "The Grandissimes," a little self-conscious now with guides and bearled tourists and antique shops of doubtful authenticity.

Turn now to the east, and the *New* Orleans of 1925 turns with you to see, overtopping the long row of warehouses on the levee, the funnels and the derricks and the spars of ocean-going ships. Across Sieur Bienville's old Place d'Armes, that is now Jackson Square, steeped in memories and afternoon sunlight and presided over by the gracefully immobile old general riding forever in triumph on his prancing steed, tradition and progress confront each other; Old Creole Orleans somewhat sadly regards the bustle of the second largest port in the United States.

This article was conceived during the late February days of Mardi Gras. If New Orleans were unique in no other respect, it would be in its complete surrender to the frivolity of this annual festival. Premonitory symptoms began as early as January 6 with the ball of the Twelfth Night Revelers, and from then to Mardi Gras Day—the French phrase for Shrove Tuesday, liberally translated, means "Fat Tuesday," coming just before the penetential Ash Wednesday, which begins the Lenten season—on February 24, the entire city was accumulatively upset. During the final week, with terrific costume balls almost every night and elaborate parades of floats, symbolical of such dreamy ideas as "Romances of Fan Land," "The Realms of Fantasy," "Quotations of Long Ago," and "Tales of Old Japan," passing through the streets by day and night, not much business of consequence was transacted in the Old Orleans, clinging still to festivities that have been observed in this foreign-American detached community for ninety-seven years. The resident population, reinforced by thousands of tourists and visitors, attracted by the Carnival and the best winter racing on the continent, who thronged the hotels to plethora and boosted the prices accordingly, masked or unmasked, bowed paganly down to Comus, Momus, Proteus, and Rex, the tutelary deities of an age whose true spirit is fast passing away. Every one who can afford the time and money ought to experience Mardi Gras in New Orleans—about once. Nothing of a carnival sort either in Europe or Latin America quite equals it in wholesale and prolonged observance.

But this is not *New* Orleans, not the port city of 1925, by more than a jugful. If for a spasmodic fortnight the bygone Creole days reasserted themselves compellingly and the Vieux Carré came back to echoes of its old life, it was but a passing show, not reality. New Orleans, with a towel round its head, turned back in the ashes of Wednesday with added sincerity to the Mississippi and the Gulf and its booming business in great waters. Sad as it may be, picturesquely and sentimentally regrettable, for the rest of the year the old Creole days with their buildings, their memories, their rich aroma—hotels and tourist agencies to the contrary notwithstanding—are going, going, gone. And it's a good thing—for New Orleans and for these United States in general. No healthy municipality, any more than a healthy individual, can stand still. And growth and progress mean relinquishment, abandonment. For better or for worse—Lafcadio Hearn *versus* Mayor Martin Behrman and the Association of Commerce—New Orleans has become definitely and cheerfully standardized and commercialized. It has in great measure sold, or rather, is selling, its French-Spanish birthright for a substantial American mess of profitable pottage. The Vieux Carré itself—the ancient French Quarter, that all the folders urge you to visit—is commercialized quite frankly. The old French Market of the Acadian times of "Evangeline," with most of its fruits and early vegetables brought over from Florida—always excepting crisp Arizona lettuce and palate-taxing strawberries at 75 cents a quart—is just like any other old market. The venerable *maison* on the Rue Royale, built originally for the Louisiana Bank Company, where Paul Morphy, the world's greatest chess-player, was found dead in his bathtub, has now become the Patio Royal," Childsified into an open-air restaurant and facing the new Court House on the site of demolished antiquities, where people come daily to lunch extremely well and on Saturday nights for mixed wrestling to the urging of a jazz orchestra. From the indoor side of balconies of latticed iron grillwork on once aristocratic Esplanade Avenue come the standardized notes of phonographs or radios. The same blight of progressive commercialism has struck, but not entirely benumbed, the charm of other storied localities, like canned music across the lilt of some old song: Madame Lalaurie's haunted house of gruesome memory, Sieur George's, Tite Poulette's, Winston Churchill's House of the Lions, the Absinthe House, and the Café des Refugées who escaped in 1804 from the massacres of Toussaint l'Ouverture and Dessalines in Haiti. Still tenanted, nevertheless these old buildings have become monuments or mausoleums now, and in the streets about them begins to breathe a metropolitan air as devoid of oxygen as the atmosphere of

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Greenwich Village. Even the superficial appearances of things are changing. Garages and gasoline stations have elbowed into the oldest streets, movie theaters and standardized hotels have profanely invaded the Quartier Latin, and whenever the trend of reconstruction sets more definitely southward across Canal Street the builders of New Orleans will not hesitate to raze what is left of the antiquated city.

Two mundane considerations of eating and drinking, however, are worthy of passing note: One thing still remains and prevails in the city embalmed by Hearn and Cable nearly half a century ago: the unbeatable French cuisine of the old restaurants, crowded and thriving at Mardi Gras time with mediocre appreciation, yet abating no jot of their traditional standards—Antoine's, La Louisiane, Galatoire's, Arnaud's, and the rest of the famous cafés internationally known and frequented. And, for another thing, the temperamental Vieux Carré remains even more emphatically than the newer *arrondissements* north of Canal Street, about as wide open, speaking alcoholicly, as a city well could be. Quoting from the published observations of a migratory journalist just the other day:

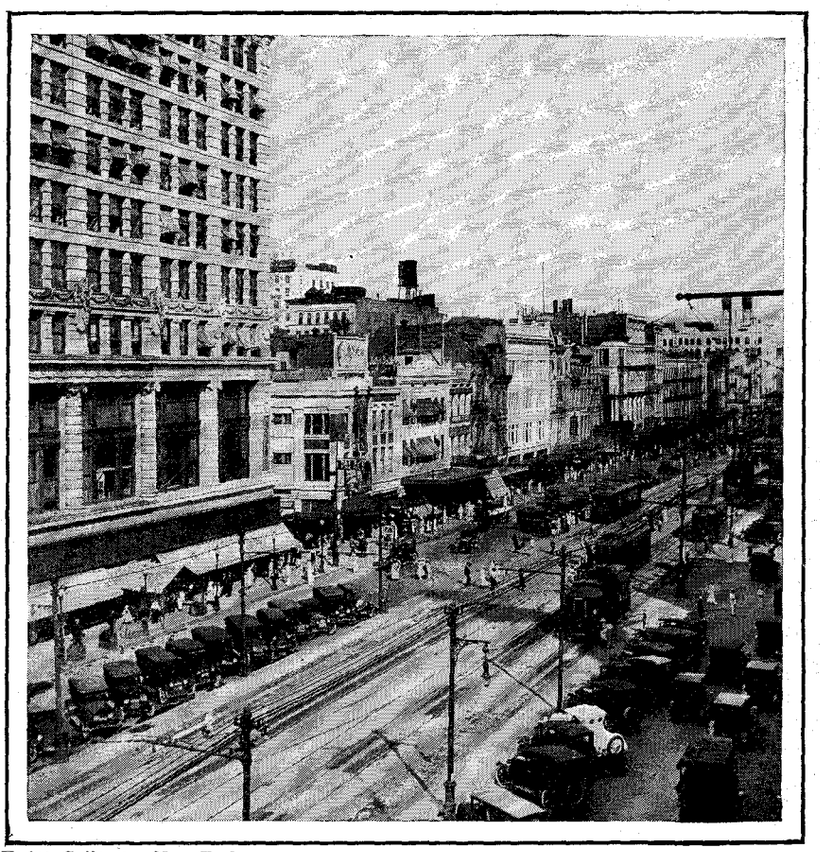
"If you can discover any evidence that New Orleans is dry, we would like to know it."

So much, then, for "the age that is past." Turn now with New Orleans to the great river and the distant sea and "the age that is going before." Geographically and politically, New Orleans is a lonely town. One hundred and ten miles of desolate river marshes separate it from the sea—the Gulf of Mexico—because the Sieur de Bienville, he of the Place d'Armes that is now Jackson Square, abandoning Biloxi as too exposed to raids, founded here in 1718 the capital of Louisiana, out of reach of the pirates who infested the Spanish Main. Inland the city has no near neighbors of great consequence short of Mobile, three hundred miles away by the Gulf, and Memphis, six hundred miles up stream on the river. It is extraordinarily a city by and of itself—but not for itself alone. By contrast, the great municipalities of the Atlantic seaboard or in the Middle West, with all their inharmonious local interests and jealousies, form inevitable neighborhoods. Neither is New Orleans a city of "the South" in the sense that Richmond, Charleston, or Atlanta are. In temperament it is more European, more foreign, than typically "Southern." It is more polyglot American than sectional.

Economically, however, New Orleans is closely bound up with four or five hundred other municipalities scattered widely over the twenty-six riparian States which border upon and are drained by the Mississippi and its tributaries. Only a well-draughted map can clearly represent the enormous area of the economic Mississippi Valley, whose inland waterways contribute their quotas to the "Father of Waters," as it turbidly flows through the levees of New Orleans on its way to the Gulf of Mexico. Approaching the Mississippi jetties by steamer from the South, long before a landfall has lifted into sight or the oil-skinned pilot, like some grotesque sea monster, clambered over the side, your early morning bath is muddied away out in the Gulf with alluvial portions of Arkansas, Tennessee, Missouri, Kentucky, and other inland States on which the river levies eternal tribute by erosion, destroying and rebuilding their borders to clog and remake its whimsical channel.

Just so these inland States—twenty-two of them at least—find their natural trade outlet, either by the 16,000 miles of navigable waterways which penetrate them as intricately as the arterial system displayed upon an anatomical chart, or by easy-grade railroads, in the river port of New Orleans. The humble journalistic seeker after truth is apt to shy at the tinkling cymbal of tourist propaganda or the sounding brass of proverbially near-sighted chambers of commerce. Their statements are always backed up by a formidable array of statistics, but experience proves that nothing is more subject to warping than a young statistic. And so, on the levees of the Mississippi, he lends a somewhat Missouri ear to their blandishments, charm they never so wisely. But the Association of Commerce at New Orleans stands for a big idea which needs neither statistics nor oratory to appeal to common sense, and in this big idea it is identified through the Mississippi Valley Association with cities as far away as Minneapolis and St. Paul, Pittsburgh, Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Omaha. This organization is the voice of the "Valley," expressing co-operation and unity and calling for normality in trade and transportation.

The big voice of the Valley—it is, in fact, more of a chorus than a voice—heard with especial local emphasis at New Orleans, makes articulate an enormous convergent territory, from the Appalachian watershed on the east to the Rockies on the west, containing sixty-five per cent of the total railroad mileage of the country and more than one-half of its economic wealth and production. It has been called the "bread-basket" of the United States. It is also, on analysis, the meat market and the storehouse, the corn crib, the grain bin, the coal cellar, the oil tank, and the stock farm. It is



Ewing Galloway, New York

Canal Street

The New Orleans of commerce

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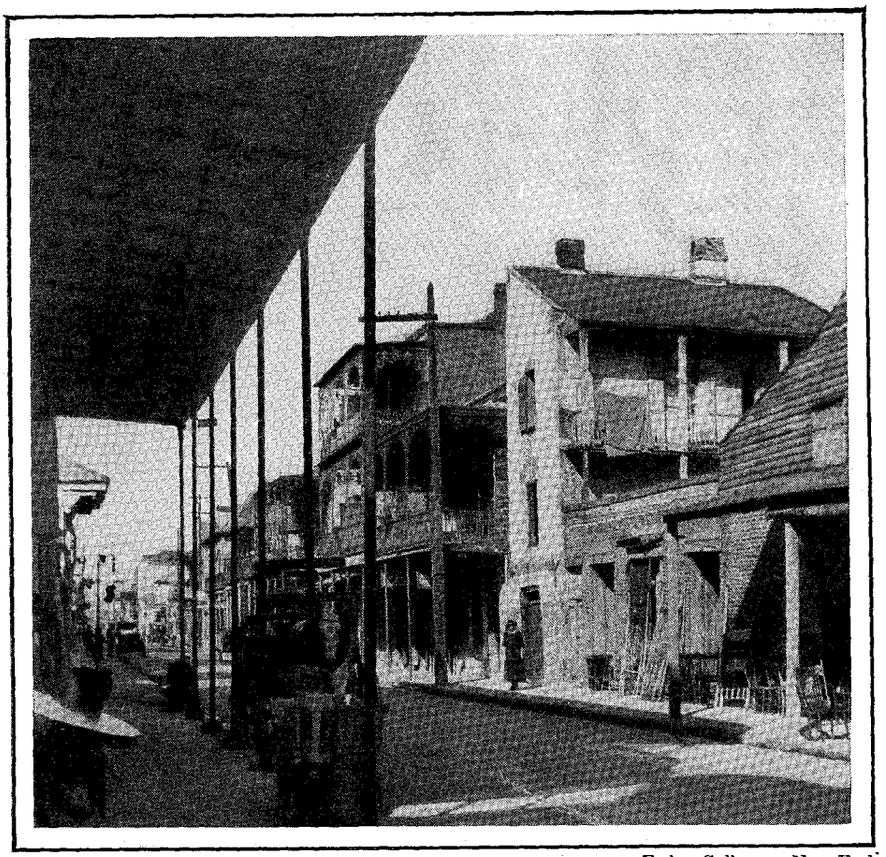

A street in the Quartier Latin Ewing Galloway, New York

and of old romance

"the land of cotton" and the wool-producing center. And its fifty-three per cent of the voting strength of the United States is represented by a majority of forty-five votes in the Electoral College.

Very well, then, this enormously productive territory needs markets. Domestic markets can't begin to hold it. The European foreign markets, weakened by political and economic disturbances and vitiated by exchange, are still partially atrophied by the aftermath of the Great War and by the unappeased rancors and vindictiveness which make further wars not only possible but probable. Specific substantiation of this state of mind is afforded almost weekly by the European correspondence of our daily press. The foreign markets most normally open to the produce of the Mississippi Valley are those of South and Central America, Mexico, the West Indies, and the Orient. These partially developed markets are undevastated by the war and, with the exception of Japan—still unrecovered from the earthquake of September, 1923—not weakened in buying power by heavily adverse exchange. New Orleans, without a word, simply takes you by the hand and points to the map to prove that the southernmost river port of the Mississippi, with its forty-one miles of waterfront and the eighty or ninety steamship lines which dock there. is the normal, natural, cheapest, and most direct outlet for the Valley's industry and produce to the unexhausted markets of Latin America and the eight hundred million buyers of the Orient just beginning to wake up to the new commercial desires which the United States is capable of meeting.

In its vehement gesture New Orleans admits that it is selfish. According to the Shipping Board's figures, the "Mistress of the Mississippi" already ranks second among the ports of the United States in tonnage of imports and exports, exceeding Philadelphia, its nearest competitor, by over a million tons and San Francisco by nearly five million tons. But it protests that its selfishness is inevitably bound up with the common weal, and 400 up-stream chambers of commerce back up that protestation. Transportation costs more than war. New Orleans has set its business head and its patriotic heart on a peace plan indorsed by the far-scattered constituency of the Mississippi Valley Association, which rationally seeks to make of its territory an economic unit, "one for all and all for one," whereby the cost of transportation may be materially cheapened for all concerned. A very large percentage of the railroad traffic of this territory is now done on the basis of an up-hill haul by heavy grades over mountain ranges to the Atlantic seaboard or the Pacific coast. The voice of the Valley heard at New Orleans vehemently protests against this abnormal diversion of freight destined for markets nearer by from 600 to 1,000 miles to the jetties of the Mississippi or more cheaply reachable via the Panama Canal.

It is hard to pick a flaw in this reasoning. North-and-south railways follow the easy grades of the river's flow, and a barge line, financed by the Federal Government, has demonstrated that bulk freight can be handled by the partially developed inland waterways converging on New Orleans at a twenty per cent reduction under the lowest figures the railways will grant. Nevertheless neither New Orleans nor the Valley-wide association, of which it is the chief port representative, in building its economic future is insensitive to facts or tendencies or intrenched interests. Each seeks a rail and waterway co-operation rather than destructive competition between common carriers. The vast majority of all river-borne freight in the Valley either originates on some railroad line or is delivered to a railroad to be carried to its ultimate destination. The money saved goes to the farmer, the producer. A single shipment of 150,000 bushels of Nebraska wheat, for instance, carried by joint rail and water from Omaha to New Orleans for export effected a saving in transportation costs of $7,500.

Bienville in 1718 founded his French city at the natural gateway of the Mississippi, and the public ownership of the entire harbor frontage, first granted by him so long ago, was made perpetual by the Louisiana Purchase Treaty of 1803. Before the railroads were built New Orleans enjoyed an unrealized monopolistic control over the Valley's commerce which dulled the edge of enterprise. When the railroad builders laid their ties across the Valley, they recognized their opportunity, and by better service and discriminatory rates and economy soon changed the drift of valley commerce from its natural north-and-south channels to more artificial, high-resistance channels east and west. Now, with the Great War changes in trade routes, shipping, the opening of new markets, and the crying need for greater efficiency and economy in transportation, normality is coming back to the Valley and a great surmise to its fast-growing port city.

And this is why, sitting in Bienville's old Place d'Armes that is now Jackson Square, you turn, however reluctantly, from the French-Spanish town of other days, from the Cabildo and the Cathedral and Lafcadio Hearn's green bench, to look with New Orleans eastward to the mighty river carrying the soil and the plans and the hopes of the Valley southward to the sea.

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MARGARET CHURCHILL
Age 14. Height-Weight Score 117.
Mental Score 118.

Chan

PHYSICAL + ME

A new system which makes it possible to me all at the same time. Highly important to par

YOUR boys and girls! How can you help them, and keep them on the right road during these critical years? What are they doing when they are away from you? How are they behaving? What are they wishing? Where lie their dangers —and their greatest powers for manly and womanly achievement?

What—when all is said and done—will be their share of the world's health, success, and happiness?

This is the time—as your boys and girls push ahead, often blindly, through the mysterious and astounding period that extends from the ages of eight to eighteen years—when they need your guidance more than they will ever need it again.

What would you give right now to be able intelligently to—

Analyze your child's physique,
Analyze your child's mind,
Analyze your child's character,
And then—

Add your results all up together and understand the boy or girl as you never did before?

The good news for you, which will now be set forth for your consideration, is that this very thing can at last be achieved in an exceedingly simple way.

Not since the ancient Greeks developed the slogan "Know thyself" and demonstrated the soundness of the formula, "Sound body, sound mind," has there been a more propitious time for the appearance of such a system of physical, mental, and moral training as we are announcing than the present.

The Psycho-Physical System

For the Analysis and Training of Boys and Girls

CHARLES K. TAYLOR, M.A., creator of the famous Taylor Height-Weight System, has spent fifteen years in developing a scientific system of Character Analysis and Training, to give parents a simple and practical method for understanding the character-types of their children with regard to their physical, mental, and moral capacities.

In the course of his exhaustive laboratory and clinical experiments, thousands upon thousands of boys and girls have passed before his keen eyes, and have been measured carefully for physical, mental, and moral defects and fitness.

The Opinion of Science

DR. ARTHUR HOLMES, the eminent authority on Child Psychology and Moral Training at the University of Pennsylvania, who contributes the Introduction to The Psycho-Physical System as now published, is highly qualified to speak regarding Mr. Taylor's work because of his close observation of the laboratory experiments that have made this System possible. He says:

"Mr. Taylor's work combines the thoroughly practical with the scientific. His conclusions have been well tested. They bring to a child a new appeal—to develop up to an entirely reasonable standard of Behavior and Physique. And the achievements to be gained are those dear to the hearts of boys and girls full of dynamic power to inspire and exhilarate."

The Opinion of Medicine

ANOTHER man who has watched Mr. Taylor closely, and has worked with him, is Dr. E. H. Ingram, formerly of the Medical Inspection Staff of the City of Philadelphia. He says:

"I found Mr. Taylor's methods unique, and his results uniformly good, *and in many instances astonishing*. The pampered son of a wealthy family has been changed into a regular youngster, while the little ruffian from the New York East Side has been developed into a thoroughbred."

In confirmation of Dr. Ingram's tribute to Mr. Taylor's System, comes this resolution from the Jackson County Medical Association, of Kansas City, Missouri, which says in part:

"We desire to affirm our approval of the practical points in the system of standardization as demonstrated by Mr. Taylor. We believe the system as presented corrects many mistaken ideas about physical health and comprehends many points demonstrating

What Every Pa

1 That many a boy or girl cause of poor marks in sc mental faculties which with astonishing results.

2 That many a boy or gir underweight at all, but p of build and height.

3 That many a boy or girl and apprehension to par Analysis and an Ethical C higher character rating, v

4 That the physical, the r and girls' characters another that affect

various hereditary physical types, each which represents perfectly healthy physiq though not conformed to any arbitrary so-called normal type."

And, R. Tait McKenzie, M.D., Directo the Department of Physical Education, U versity of Pennsylvania, says: "I beli that Mr. Taylor's plan of classifying i viduals according to type rather than acc ing to general averages is much more in esting and much more sound than any p that has hitherto been devised."

One Mother's Experience

SHE is only one of many parents who tribute to Mr. Taylor for what he and System have done for their boys and g This is what she says:

"My boy was thirteen years old when Taylor came in contact with him. He in poor physical condition—nervous and citable. He was suffering from malnutri and had no particular aim in life. He just drifting. But in a few short years, a following Mr. Taylor's suggestions faithfu

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acter

:AL + MORAL

and train a child's body, mind, and character
:achers, physical directors, and scout masters

JOSEPH FILBERT
Age 14. Height-Weight Score 114.5.
Mental Score 114.

Should Remember

—

been branded as "dull" be-
ally the possessor of brilliant
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d as "underweight" is not
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boy developed a fine and powerful phy-
e, did well in his school sports, and all
a steadying and strengthening effect on
haracter and purpose.

hortly after Mr. Taylor had begun to
y the characteristics and possibilities of
oy, he suggested that he prepare for a
cal career. Because of Mr. Taylor's ex-
nce and his reputation, his advice was
n and the boy's musical education be-
Now, at nineteen, my son is in a very
way toward making a genuine success
as a musician and as a teacher of
ic. He teaches in one of the conserva-
s of New York City, manages a success-
hamber-music quartette, and has begun
als of his own. I cannot too strongly
ess my appreciation of my son's devel-
ent—physically, musically, and in per-
lity."

e Headmaster's Experience

EWMAN D. WAFFL, Headmaster of
Carteret Academy of Orange, N. J., says
ie Taylor System, which has been used in his school since 1919: "Intelligence tests and physical measurements are ordinarily employed in private academies, but the most noteworthy feature about Mr. Taylor's work in Character Analysis is its close correlation of these measurements. As a result our boys are distinctly interested in their own development and they make conscious efforts toward general improvement, which result in better physical condition, scholarship, and moral stamina. Mr. Taylor's System provides a definite and intelligent method of attack, and the whole morale of the school is raised thereby."

The System in Outline

Book One

Introduction by Dr. Arthur Holmes
Professor of Psychology at the
University of Pennsylvania

THE HEIGHT-WEIGHT SYSTEM. The "underweight" delusion, and a practical method of judging physical development according to type of build.

Book Two

MUSCLE AND MIND EXERCISES. Effective physical exercises planned to make up common deficiencies.

HOW TO RECOGNIZE PHYSICAL DEFECTS. The mental and moral effects of various physical conditions. The significance of common defects and their recognition.

Book Three

CHARACTER ANALYSIS. A very simple method for recognizing character types of children, based on behavioristic psychology, and of great aid in understanding children and youths and planning for their best development.

Book Four

PHYSICAL, MENTAL, AND MORAL RELATIONSHIPS. Showing how these three are related to one another, and how to use these relationships for the best all-around development.

Book Five

CHARACTER BUILDING. Using the whole material of the previous books for definite character construction.

ETHICAL LESSONS. Illustrating a very simple method for the effective presenting of ethical concepts at the proper age.

Working Material

The Character-Graph, the Intelligence Test, the Height-Weight Physical Record Cards, the Record Cards of Intelligence Characteristics.

Fully Illustrated with Photographs and Charts

His Boys are Wonders!

"I HAVE had a glimpse of some of his boys," writes Robert W. Huth, who fought side by side with Mr. Taylor in the Argonne offensive. "They were a positive relief from the average youngster trained in a haphazard manner. His young followers are wonders physically, and fine examples of right discipline."

Now for the First Time!

SO at last Mr. Taylor has presented his findings and methods in a tremendously interesting and enjoyable home practice system, with which he can now do for every father and mother in the land—no matter where they live—what he has done previously for a more limited number by personal consultation and in his clinic and lectures.

Upon receipt of the attached coupon we will send you the complete Psycho-Physical System for free examination. In every way you will find this System a very useful aid to the quick discovery of your children's mental, moral, and physical characteristics, to the correcting of their defects and to the fuller development of their latent powers. For the young folks themselves Mr. Taylor's System has all the zest of a splendid game. *Send your coupon to-day.*

The Outlook Company

Home Study Division

381 Fourth Avenue, New York

The Outlook Company,
Home Study Division,
381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Without obligation on my part you may send me for free examination the complete Psycho-Physical System by Charles K. Taylor. If I find it satisfactory I will remit $5 in full payment. If not, I will return the System at your expense within 5 days and owe you nothing.

Name .....

Address .....

P. O. ..... State.....

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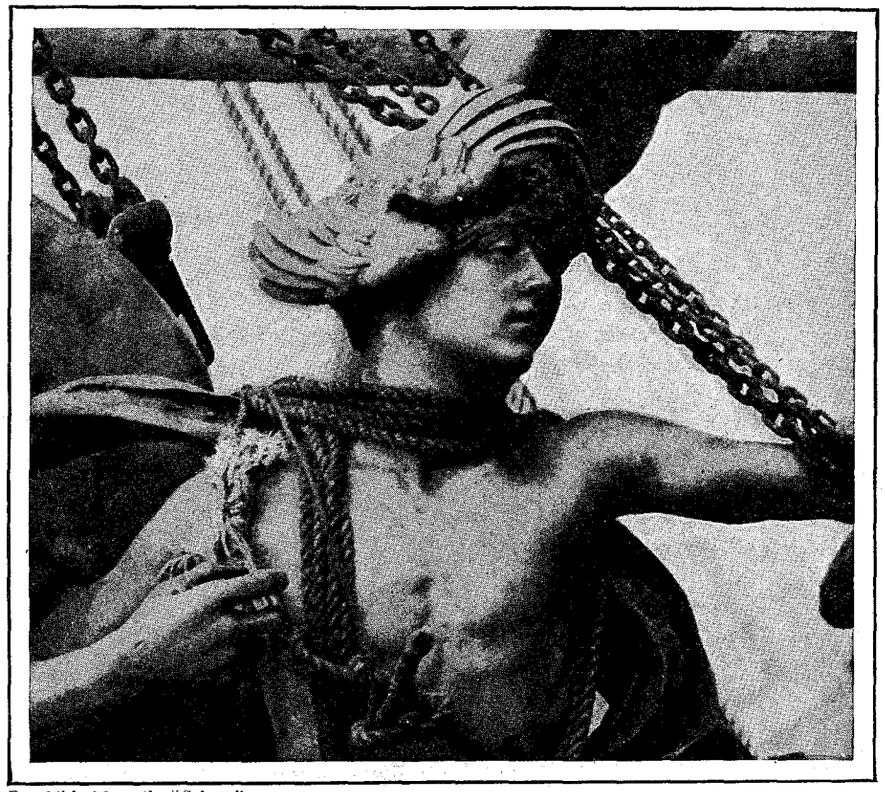
A London Art Letter

A Statue—A Portrait—And Two Religious Pictures

By C. Lewis Hind



Republished from the "Sphere"

Alfred Gilbert's Eros on his way to a new home

ART is shy. A work of art should be looked at in silence; we may ask ourselves if it helps us to live, we may hope that it will illumine the grayness that may be our lot. Art lives in the memory. How many times since I saw them last week have I derived consolation and encouragement from two works—"The Entombment" of Michelangelo and "The Raising of Lazarus" by Jan Lyvyns!

But first the Eros statue—"The Tragedy Behind Eros," to quote the newspapers. Many Americans have paused in Piccadilly Circus to look at Alfred Gilbert's memorial fountain to the Earl of Shaftesbury, crowned by the figure of Eros, the god of love, shooting his arrow into somewhat godless Piccadilly Circus, just missing the rosy flower girls who ply their fragrant trade at the base of the Shaftesbury fountain. You will see the Eros and the fountain there no more, or, at any rate, not for two or three years. The Underground Railway obtained powers to build a vast subterranean station under Piccadilly Circus; so Eros (nine feet high and seven feet across the wings) and the monumental fountain had to go. It was proposed to lower them into one of the cavernous sidings owned by the Underground Railway, but we Londoners are a sentimental people, and there was such an outcry against the burying of the god of love that, after many protestations and proposals, a gentleman came forward and offered to provide a pedestal if the guardians would allow Eros to be erected in the garden in front of the Tate Gallery, facing the Thames. So there the god of love will stand—temporarily—shooting his inconsequent arrow at visitors to the Tate Gallery.

Alfred Gilbert, probably our finest sculptor, has had his full share of misfortunes. The authorities meddled with his Shaftesbury fountain. He meant it to be a real and beautiful water fountain, for Lord Shaftesbury was an ardent advocate of what we call in these days teetotalism. So Gilbert contrived playing interlacing jets of a novel kind; but they made a mess, so they were plugged up and alterations were made in the wall at the base of the fountain. Distressed was Gilbert by these official changes. On his rare visits to London he would make a detour in order to avoid seeing the distracted fountain on which his hopes had been set.

A quarter of a century ago Alfred Gilbert went into exile at Bruges—never mind why! He is the victim of his own passion for perfection. He works, and destroys, because his dream is never fulfilled. I suppose no man has made so much, and broken so much. The Germans did not intern him during the war. They left him in peace. "An artist," they said, "harmless," and shrugged their shoulders.

I WENT to Piccadilly Circus to see Eros and the fountain once more; nothing but scaffolding and an empty space. It was sad, so I walked to the National Gallery to see the portrait by that rare Dutch master, Carel Fabritius, a pupil of Rembrandt, that has lately been acquired. It is a good portrait, but not a great one, this young man in brown dress, breastplate, and black cap, frowning and vital. It was painted in 1654, the year that the artist, his age being thirty-four, perished in a powder explosion in Delft. Simon Decker, the sexton, was sitting to him. The explosion made an end of Decker and his portrait also.

I enjoyed this portrait of "A Young Man," by Carel Fabritius, for it is straight Dutch painting, without fancies and without frills; strangely fascinating, for you can look at this homely portrait and say to yourself, "This surely is how this young Dutchman looked in the year 1654; one could almost think that he is alive, and about to speak." How international is painting, and perhaps a good portrait is more understandable than a great portrait, because it is nearer to the earth and to the average man. Well, having enjoyed this good portrait, I wandered away, looking at my favorites in the treasure-house of the National Gallery, and I found that my steps, as they always do, led me to the room where hangs "The Entombment," by Michelangelo—painter, poet, sculptor, architect.

ONCE when I was in the company of six artists I said, "If you were invited to take from the National Gallery one picture, not for sale, but for your own perpetual enjoyment, which would you choose?"

Four of them answered at once, "Michelangelo's 'Entombment.'"

It is difficult to explain the effect of this great picture to anybody who has not seen it. One does not think particu-

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larly of it as a religious picture; indeed, the theme is based on a design by Mantegna, one of the greatest, because the most intense of painters of religious subjects. Think of the heroic virtues—strength, austerity, dignity, controlled force—and add to them rhythm, understanding, faultless yet impulsive drawing, and I know not what else, and you may have some idea of this masterpiece. That it is unfinished seems to add to its quiet and learned beauty. You see the lumbering block into which the master would have shaped one more austere, adorable figure.

In the Art Gallery of Brighton there is another religious picture in which the artist by conviction and craftsmanship has performed the miracle in paint of persuading us that a miracle happened. It is "The Raising of Lazarus," by Jan Lyvyns, and it is dated 1632. The figure of Jesus behind the open tomb is unforgetable. He stands with intertwined hands and raised face; he is willing the dead man to rise, and lo! from the open tomb appear two hands groping upwards. Looking on this picture, I can believe the miracle.

What a gift to the world is art! What amassed memories—from Eros to Lazarus.

Japan's New Ambassador of Peace

An Interview with Mr. Matsudaira

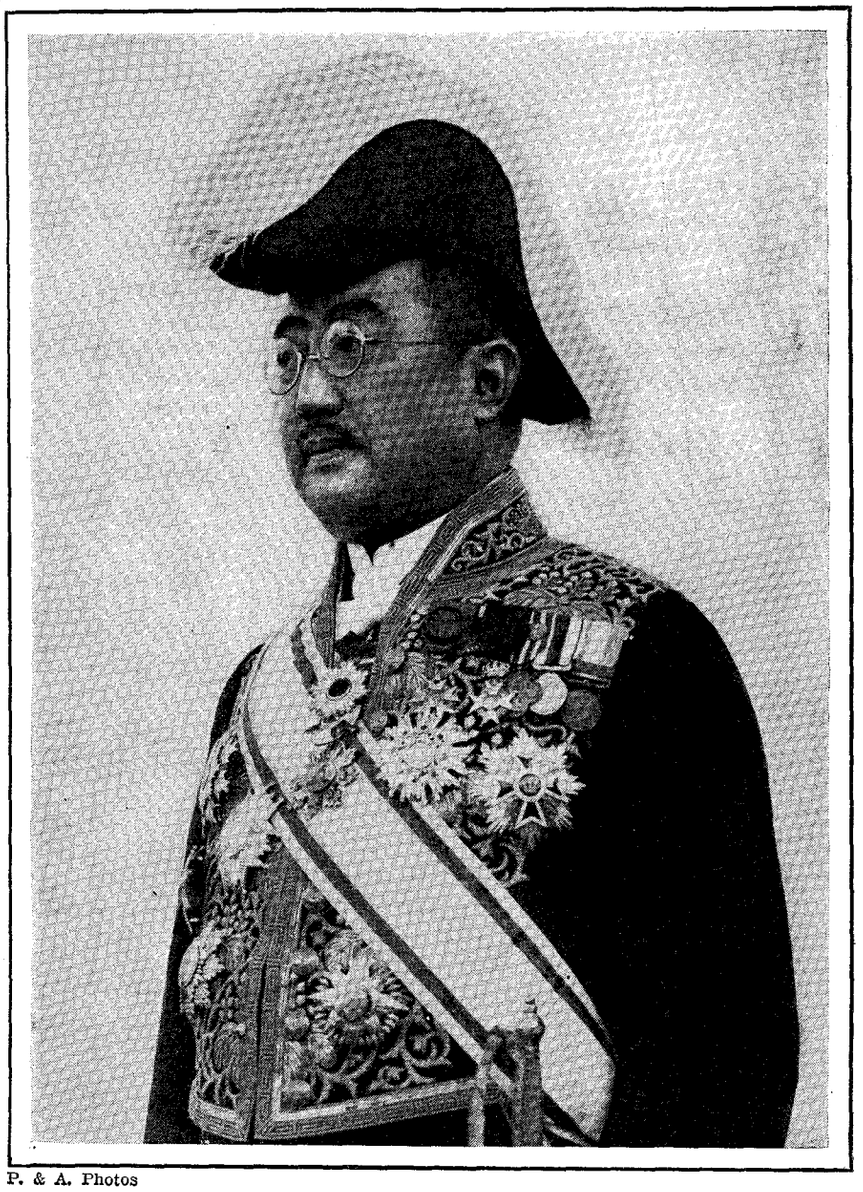
By K. K. KAWAKAMI

THE keynote of the message brought to America by Japan's new Ambassador, Tsuneo Matsudaira, is peace and amity. This sounds trite, for what envoy does not bring the same message? But in this particular case the old message has a new meaning.

There is no denying that the present relations between America and Japan are not exactly what they should be. In the last score months those relations have undergone radical vicissitudes. When America hurried to the rescue of earthquake-stricken Japan with a generous purse and a still more generous heart a year ago last September, what discord there might have existed between the two countries seemed to have been swept away by the wave of gratitude which literally overwhelmed the nation.

Soon came the exclusion law, which completely reversed this happy condition. And while the Japanese were trying hard to forget the blow of exclusion a vigorous movement in America for a larger navy took such a shape as to cause misgiving on the other side. It exaggerated the weakness of the American Navy, as it exaggerated the strength of the Japanese Navy. The Hawaiian maneuvers of the American fleets, if conducted at a normal time, would have caused no uneasiness on the part of Japan. In the present unfortunate state of affairs, they have proved another cause of apprehension.

Ambassador Matsudaira's mission, then, is clear. It is to restore American-Japanese relations to their former state of mutual confidence—to create an atmosphere of peace and good will wherein either may speak frankly without causing suspicion or resentment on the part of the other. This idea seems to be the dominant note in the many speeches and statements he has already made since his arrival at San Francisco, March 5. Undoubtedly Ambassador Bancroft, who went to Tokyo last fall, was intrusted with much the same mission, which he has been fulfilling with marked success.



P. & A. Photos

Tsuneo Matsudaira

These observations seem to be confirmed by the interview which I have just had with the Ambassador. His answers to my questions are here put down in my own words, for we naturally

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talked in Japanese. The first question I asked was whether his Government considered the exclusion issue as closed. The Ambassador explained:

"To say that we regard this matter as a closed incident would be to put it too strongly. Frankly, I cannot say that Japan is entirely satisfied with the status conferred upon my countrymen by the Immigration Law."

"What, then, does the Japanese Government expect to do?" I pursued.

"I think," replied Mr. Matsudaira, "I can best answer that question by repeating the recent statement by Baron Shidehara, our Foreign Minister, before the House of Representatives. He said:

" 'We regret the discriminatory clause against the Japanese in the Immigration Act of 1924. The question still remains unsettled. It should, however, be remembered that a law cannot be modified except by a law, and that under the constitutional system of the United States the Legislature is entirely independent of the Executive. It is obvious that continued discussion of this matter between the two Governments at this time will not in itself serve any useful purpose. What is really important in the final analysis of the question is that the American people shall have come to a correct understanding of our people and of our points of view. An impetuous mood or an impassioned utterance will not conduce to international understanding. There is no doubt that the same love of justice that kindled American independence still continues to inspire the minds of the American people. The day will come when this fact will be fully demonstrated.' "

"Is there in Japan widespread and genuine dissatisfaction with the exclusion clause of the Immigration Law?" was my next question.

"Yes, it is widespread and genuine," was the Ambassador's frank reply. "The Japanese are perplexed and disappointed that America, which they had long looked upon as their best friend, should so abruptly deal a blow at them. Our Government and our leading men are doing their best to direct popular thought and feeling into the channel of moderation and sanity, and I believe these efforts have not been fruitless."

The next question I put to Mr. Matsudaira was: "In the light of the operation of the new law since last summer, do you think that the exclusion law imposes upon the Japanese greater hardships than did the gentlemen's agreement?"

"You see," answered Mr. Matsudaira, "Japan's objection to statutory exclusion has been a matter of principle. She has looked upon it from the standpoint of international amity and neighborliness, and not merely from the standpoint of material loss or inconvenience. I understand that much hardship and inconvenience were experienced by my countrymen immediately after the new law went into effect. I hope and trust that this hardship will be gradually mitigated by the judicious interpretation of the law and the considerate attitude of the authorities. I realize the difficulty of covering by a single law all the complicated and intricate cases arising out of the movement of peoples from one country to another. Much, I presume, depends upon the discretion of the authorities concerned."

Changing my subject, I asked: "Is Japanese opposition to the Hawaiian maneuvers and Australian cruise of the American Navy general and real?"

"Frankly," said the Ambassador, "there was at first no small apprehension about this matter. Some of our thoughtful men believed the maneuvers ill-timed. They recognized that America had an indisputable right to hold maneuvers of this nature. What troubled them was not a question of right, but a matter of timeliness and good judgment. Then, too, there was considerable misunderstanding as to the scope of the maneuvers. Many thought that they were going to last half a year. Some even thought that the Australian fleet was to join the American squadrons in the maneuvers. Our Government, including the navy, has endeavored to dispel such misinformation. Admiral Takarabe and other responsible men in the Japanese Navy thoroughly understand the situation, and have advised the public to be sensible."

"Will Japan willingly participate in another arms conference, if called at Washington?" I asked.

"That goes without saying," was the unhesitating reply. "I think I can confidently say that Japan, acting harmoniously with other interested Powers, will gladly consider any proposal for further reduction of naval armament to an extent compatible with the maintenance of her national honor and with the actual needs of her national defense. Japan is ready to join hands with America or any other nation in any enterprise calculated to promote international peace and justice."

I called the Ambassador's attention to the prevalent criticism that Japan is building too many cruisers, and asked what he thought about it.

"You must remember," said Mr. Matsudaira, "that our building programme for auxiliary ships was adopted long before the Washington Conference. That programme was well known to the conferees. Not only have we not built any vessel not included in that plan, but we have, of our own accord, reduced to no small extent the number of ships to be built. Of course, I am not well versed in the technical aspects of naval defense. But, looking at it from a layman's point of view, it would seem that Japan needs auxiliary craft, such as are commonly used for defensive purposes, in considerable numbers. Japan, like Great Britain, is an island and seafaring nation. Her territory is nothing but a chain of islands fringing the Pacific coast of the Asian continent. It reaches from the Kurile Islands in the north to the island of Formosa in the south, a distance of twenty-five hundred miles. The coast lines and territorial waters to be safeguarded by our navy must well-nigh extend from six to seven thousand miles. This does not include the Pacific islands mandated to Japan by the League of Nations. Then, again, we must remember that Japan is not a self-supporting nation. Not only does she lack essential materials of modern industry, such as iron, coal, and oil, but she is dependent upon foreign countries for the supply of foodstuffs as well as of raw materials for textile and other industries. In order to keep the avenues of such supply open at all times, we shall have to have a reasonable number of auxiliary ships. But then this is, as I have said, only a layman's view."

Mr. Matsudaira is only forty-eight years old. He is by choice a commoner, for he relinquished a viscountcy in favor of his younger brother, preferring to test his steel in the buffeting world of the plebeians. Mme. Matsudaira is the fourth daughter of Marquis Nabeshima, one of the greatest lords in the feudal days. She has for many years been lady-in-waiting to the Empress, and is a favorite in Court circles.

At the end of the interview the Ambassador said, with obvious feeling:

"I should like to tell the American people through The Outlook how deeply I appreciate the thoughtfulness of President Coolidge and Secretary Hughes in going out of their way in welcoming my appointment to this post in an extraordinary manner which I fear I do not deserve. The cordiality with which I have been received everywhere since my arrival in San Francisco has made a profound impression upon me. I shall do my best in my own humble way not to disappoint either country in the mission of peace and good will which has been intrusted to me."

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The Value of the Hawaiian Maneuvers

By Major-General JOHN L. HINES

Chief of Staff, United States Army, and Joint Chief Umpire at the Joint Army and Navy Maneuvers off Oahu

ONE of the most vital of the problems that have to do with our National defense, and the one upon the right solution of which depends the security of our whole Pacific coast from Alaska to Panama, will be experimented on in the Joint Army and Navy Maneuvers which take place in Hawaii late this month. The attack on the fortified island of Oahu, where are located Honolulu and the naval base of Pearl Harbor, by almost the whole strength of the American Fleet and the defense of the island by its regular peace-time garrison should go far toward determining our ability to hold the island or to recapture it if it had been seized by an enemy.

The importance of our ability to do this can hardly be overstated. The distance across the Pacific is too great for any fleet to attack our shores with much chance of success unless it can find a base near at hand. The Hawaiian Islands are almost the only base, though it might be possible to find some barely available location along the Arctic coasts. There is nothing between, and so long as we hold the islands we are practically secure.

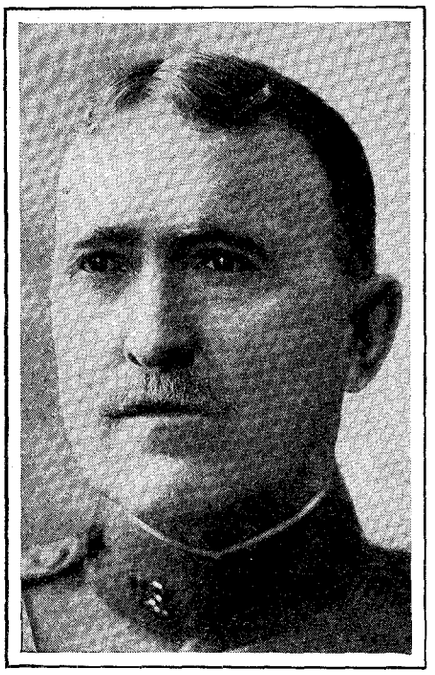
The islands do not, of course, block the way themselves, since it would be easy for an enemy fleet to sail around them. They do not close the seas; they merely provide a base from which our fleet can operate, where it can take on supplies and make repairs. But the fleet cannot operate without such a base, and the fleet, swinging north or south on a three-thousand-mile radius, can close the whole of the North Pacific to any but the most trivial raiders. The possession of Oahu, therefore, removes our western frontier a full two thousand miles to the westward, and till that line has been forced our whole coast is safe.

This vital value has been recognized for many years, and has been stated by many of our foremost statesmen and strategists. Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State, in 1873 wrote:

"The Sandwich Islands are an outpost fronting and commanding the whole of our possessions in the Pacific. . . . Their transfer to a maritime Power would threaten a military surveillance in the Pacific."

"The Hawaiian Islands constitute the only natural outpost to the defense of the Pacific coast," General Schofield said in 1895. "In possession of a foreign Power in time of war, as a depot from which to fit out a hostile expedition against this coast and our commerce on the Pacific Ocean they would afford the means of incalculable injury to the United States."

And Admiral Mahan says, in his "Influence of Sea Power:" "It is rarely that so important a factor in the attack or defense of the coast-line—of a sea frontier—is concentrated in a single position, and the circumstance renders doubly imperative upon us to secure it if we can."



Major-General John L. Hines

I might emphasize the fact that the plans are for a test of the present defenses of Oahu and of the possibility of recapturing the island in case it is taken by an enemy. It is very common for all military and naval Powers to hold great joint maneuvers, which are naturally held on a water frontier. We are looking to defense alone. We no more imply that some other nation may attack us than a man who puts locks on his doors implies that his neighbors are thieves.

Aside from the specific problem of Oahu, there are high values in general and joint maneuvers which render them well worth while for their own sake. For the Army in particular, which has little opportunity for exercises in any but very small units, the practice in mobilization and in handling comparatively large numbers of men in the field is of the utmost value. The lack of just this kind of training has been one of the greatest weaknesses of our Army. There is much to be learned also regarding the handling of modern weapons under field-service conditions, including particularly airplanes.

Most important, however, is the training that will be given in co-operative work between the two branches of the defense forces, the Army and the Navy. Lack of team-work, as a result of the unfamiliarity of each service with the powers, limitations, and methods of the other because there has been no joint training, has caused the failure of many of the most important military operations in history. The most recent example was that of Gallipoli, but it is only one of many. Lack of co-operative understanding is a deadly danger even inside a single service; an army division which has been hastily assembled without training in team-work is not a first-class combat unit, even though each regiment may be highly efficient. When the failure of understanding lies between the two services, the results are much more serious.

The World War demonstrated that liaison between infantry units could only be maintained effectively if methods were constantly practiced until they became habitual. Liaison between army forces and navy forces is harder to maintain than that between two units of either service, and therefore practice in it is even more essential. It is especially important in regard to maintaining communications between forces which are expected to work together and support each other in time of danger. It is vitally important, too, that there should be officers in each service who are familiar with the methods, tasks, and difficulties of the other service. Even the most capable men cannot do this unless they have had opportunities for intimate observation and co-operation.

The co-operation between the Army garrison on Oahu, therefore, and the Naval forces stationed there to assist in the defense will be of very great training value. It is regretted that the Army has been unable to share also in the attack on the island, which will probably include intensive landing operations. There can hardly be a doubt that, in the event of any important war, landing operations by our joint forces would be necessary at some point, since in order to win more than a negative victory we would have to carry the war overseas to our enemy. Skill in them, then, may easily become of the utmost importance.

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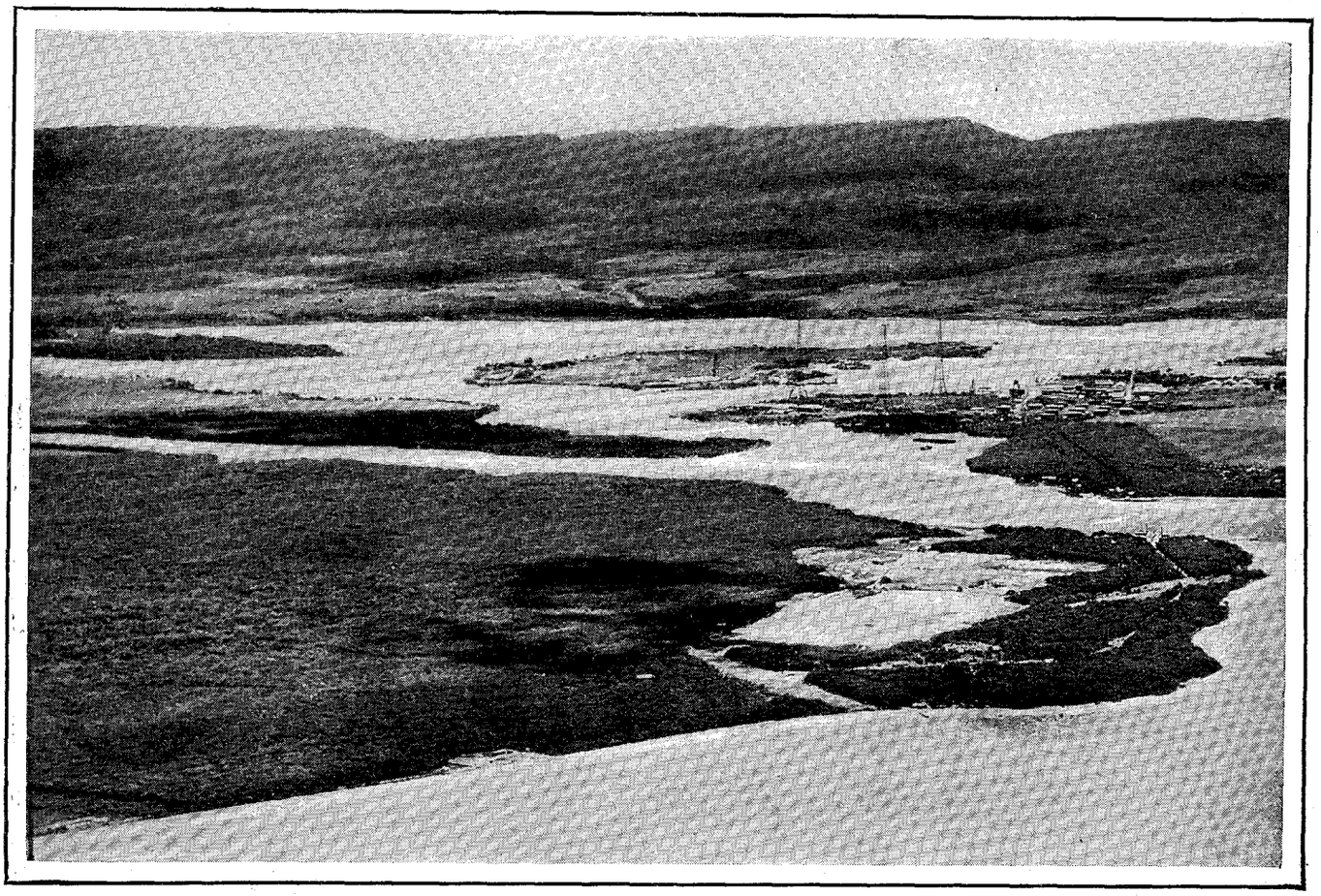

An airplane view of Pearl Harbor, on the southern coast of Oahu, at the mouth of Pearl River

A landing in force in the face of the enemy by troops carrying with them guns, supplies, and even tanks, is one of the most dangerous, difficult, and delicate of military operations, especially as it must always be conducted at the highest possible speed. During the first of the operation frail transports and men in open boats must lie completely exposed to the fire of any enemy who is on land. Of course, it is always sought to surprise some piece of coast where there are no considerable forces to oppose the landing, but it can be taken for granted that the grace thus secured will last only a short time at the most. If before that time the landing has not been made good, the troops been intrenched, guns placed, and supplies brought up at such a distance from the beach that direct enemy fire against the transports can be prevented, the landing will fail. Probably, even, the force landed will be cut off and lost.

Every such attack involves both Army and Navy, and the importance of the closest co-operation is obvious. The Navy needs to know just what troops and *matériel* the Army would land and in what order, so that it can load its vessels in such a way as to make each item available on shore at the time and in the order required. The Army should be familiar with the latest practice in methods, both in order that it may know how to handle itself in landing and how to prevent such landings. Yet, so far, the Navy has had much more experience in landing than has the Army, and the Army has been unable to join in this part of the maneuvers both because of lack of funds and because it cannot spare the men from garrison or routine duties.

The Army's share in the maneuvers, then, is limited to holding the islands against the attack of the fleet, supported by a small force of Marines, representing a large imaginary expedition. The test will be under conditions approximating those of a raid rather than a siege. The fortifications and garrison are intended solely for the defense of the naval base. It is taken for granted that with the fleet present no attack can be made; the military objective, then, is to preserve the naval base securely until the fleet can arrive. This might be some weeks, but it is likely to be only a few days.

The island of Oahu, which has been chosen as the site of the naval base, is comparatively easy to defend. It is about 35 miles long and 25 miles wide, and along the east and west sides run high and rocky mountain chains crossed by so few and such poor roads that they prevent any serious threat from those sides. At the southern end, where Pearl Harbor and Honolulu are, stone fortifications have been erected.

These defenses have not yet been completed, and one of the problems of the maneuvers may be to see whether their unfinished condition would make it possible for a fleet to attack them with any hope of success. The general rule of warfare, however, which has been proved in many costly and bloody failures, is that ship commanders should never bring their vessels under the fire of modern guns. It is unlikely that the "Blue" commander will attempt this, as his fleet would be subject, besides gun-fire, to attack from submarines and airplanes.

What he might attempt if his airplanes should succeed in smothering the air forces on the island is another question. If he could do this, he would be able to bomb the forts into comparative inactivity, and might feel justified in making a direct attack then. Much will depend upon which side wins supremacy in the air, and it is quite possible that the first important clash in the exercises will be a battle in the air. The air forces are fairly matched, and their combats with each other, as well as the attempts to sink battleships and to bomb forts, will furnish some of the most interesting and valuable information to be gained from the exercises.

Whether the "Blue" commander attacks the forts with the ships or not, however, the final and critical operation will have to be a landing in force, since neither airplanes nor ships can seize and

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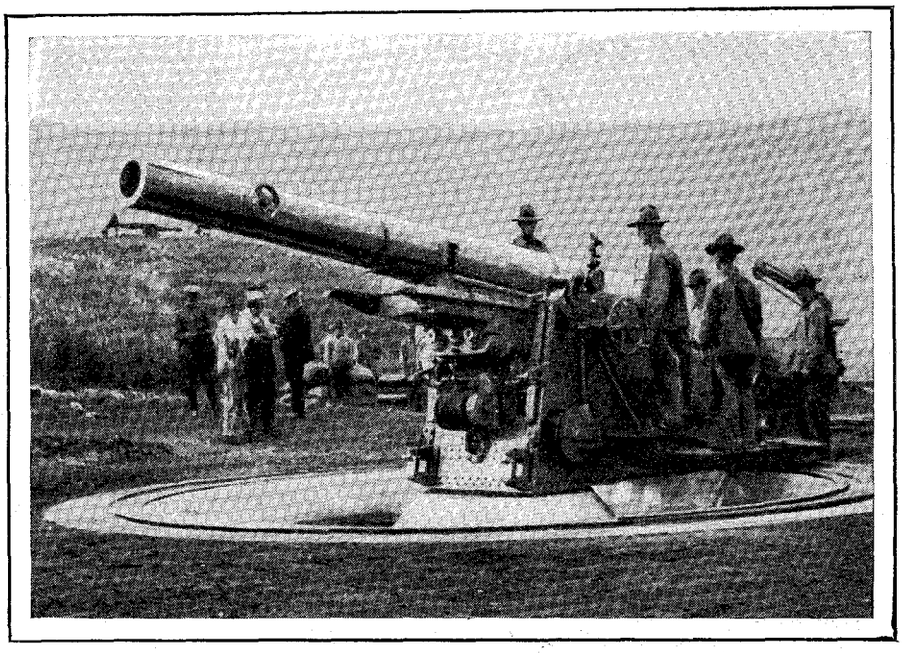
hold positions. If the forts should be reduced, this landing might take place at the southern beaches. It is more likely to be attempted at a beach several miles long at the north of the island, from which a landing force could march down the great valley between the mountain ranges.

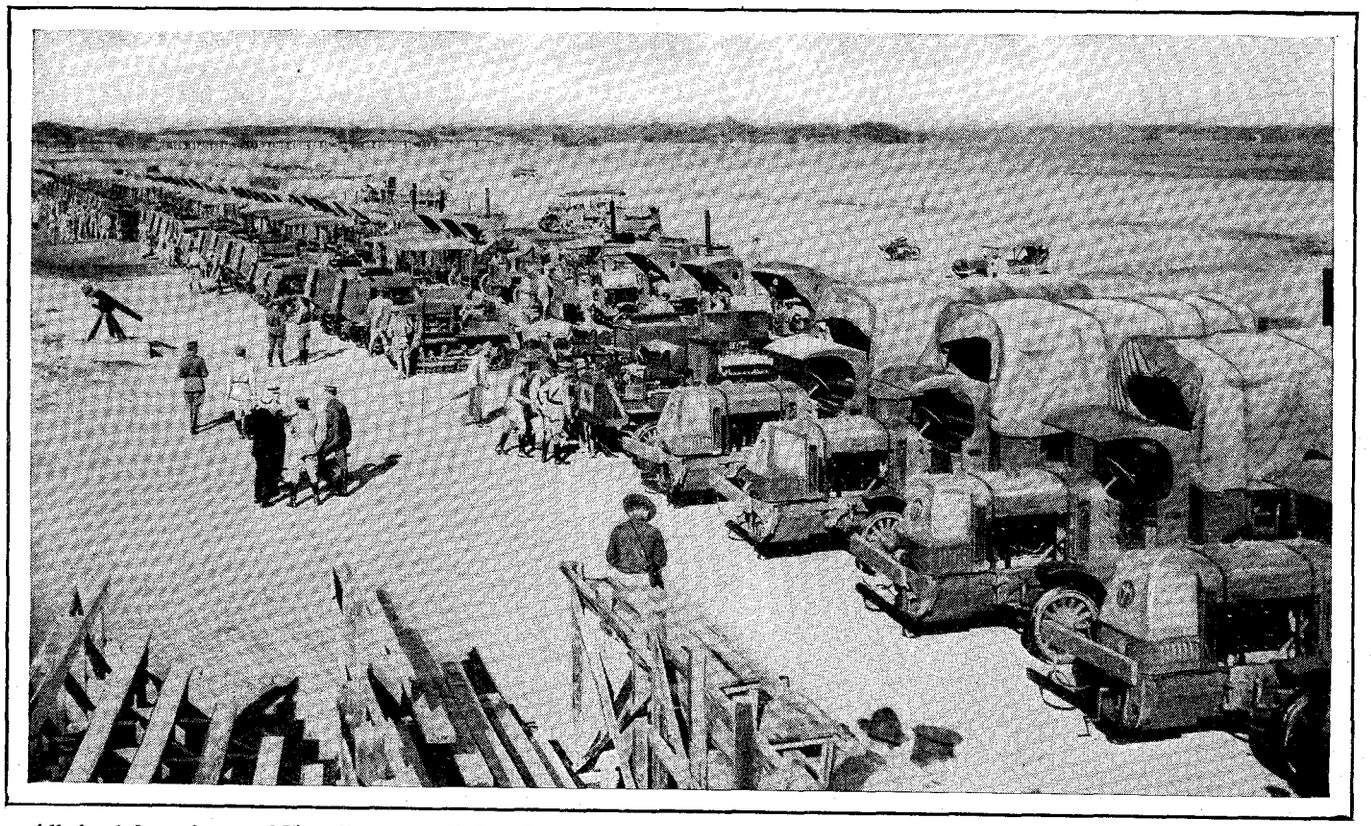
To prevent such a landing far from the areas protected by the fixed coast defenses, Oahu is garrisoned with mobile troops to supplement the efforts of the coast artillerymen and to prevent their emplacements being taken in rear. At Schofield Barracks, almost in the center of the island, is located the Hawaiian Division, consisting of infantry and 75 and 155 mm. guns with motorized transportation. In addition there are heavy tractor 155 mm. guns, heavy mortar artillery mounted on railway carriages, and anti-aircraft artillery. The whole force is well equipped with motor transport, and its mobility over the excellent radial roads has been tested in rapid operation. The railway artillery can go by rail more than half-way around the shore line of the island. Recent time trials show that the bulk of the forces could reach any threatened point in about two hours.

Mobile guns would have little effect against battleships, but are amply deadly to take care of light cruisers or transports. If they can arrive while the landing force is still on its ships, there is no question that they could easily beat off the attack. The question will be whether they do get there in time. Air scouts should be able to give ample warning in daytime, but just before dawn the ships with the expedition aboard might manage to slip in and begin landing operations. Then would come a battle, with the Army throwing in every possible ounce of power, men and guns and airplanes, in an effort to drive off the ships and drive back the troops already landed. The Navy would also throw in every bit of strength it had; the supporting warships would reply to the shore guns; the troops already landed would attempt to force back the infantry and get elbow-room; more troops and guns and tanks and equipment would try to force their way ashore. There would be smoke screens thrown from the airplanes on both sides in efforts to blanket the big guns or to throw the opposing forces into confusion. That



An interesting part of the armament of the mobile forces defending Hawaii is the 240 mm. gun on what is called a "semi-permanent" mounting

The concrete platforms for the guns are constructed in considerable numbers at strategic points. The guns themselves can be drawn by tractors and mounted on any one of these platforms where they can be most useful. They can also be fired directly from the carriages in case of necessity



All the defense forces of Hawaii are provided with motor transportation, so that they can be rushed at high speed to any point on the shore where an enemy is threatening a landing. This photograph shows a part of this equipment for both men and guns

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battle will probably mark the end of the maneuvers. When they are over, we shall be much nearer knowing than we are now just how hard Oahu should be to capture —or to recapture. We ought to have data upon which to base plans that will for many years make the island safe from attack. This does not mean to make it impregnable in the sense that it would secure it from any possible force that might be sent against it—the idea expressed by the term "a Gibraltar"—but to make its capture so difficult within the time before the fleet could arrive that no enemy would care to pay the price. If that is done, it is likely that the big guns near Honolulu Harbor would never fire a hostile shot. If it is not done, the great value of Hawaii in itself, and its still greater value to any enemy wishing to attack our coasts, will make it a tempting morsel. This is on the assumption, of course, that there may be another war some day; which is the assumption behind all military and naval activity, and the one on which all army and navy men have to work. It is not too much to say that the proper fortification of Oahu, by discouraging any other Power from coveteousness, might easily be the means of preventing a war.

To an army officer such a precaution seems like nothing more than paying for insurances on his home. It is insurance for our National home. The lives and treasure saved, if this should come about, would be beyond computation; the cost of preparing adequate defenses hardly a pocketful of change in comparison. This is the deeper purpose behind the maneuvers: to learn to provide such security that it will never be needed.

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

From the Spring Running

Reviews by H. W. BOYNTON

"CAN the author write? Is he a creator, or was 'The Plastic Age' a *tour de force,* his one book?" So ask the publishers in issuing "Martha."[1] We should answer yes to the first and third interrogations, query the second, and negative the fourth. The author of "The Plastic Age" can "write," and there is no just impediment to his writing better as time goes on. "The Plastic Age" was a *tour de force,* and its success was a success of notoriety resulting from the usual causes. Something sensational in it caught on. Some fluke set the ball of publicity rolling, and the trick was done. It was not a big book, but there was much faithful reporting in it in a field which the novel has mostly examined through a mist (or spray) of sentiment. It held a mirror up to college life as an affair not altogether justifying commencement eloquence. In short, it presented the unpresentable, and scored the hit so often scored by that kind of performance.

It is greatly to the author's credit that he has not taken the easy path of "repeating" the fatal primrose path of "best sellers." He could have done another book or two about college boys and girls with a pretty sure prospect of riding some distance on the original wave. He chose to write "Martha," a story of the hopeless fate of the Californian half-breed. The author of this book can "write," but he cannot yet create. Here he has done up an idea—worse, a conviction—in the package of the novel. His types are no doubt verifiable, but his people are not alive, and his story is hardly more than a long (and rather dull) parable.

[1] Martha. By Percy Marks. The Century Company, New York. $2.

Alas! the merry Irish peasant, the absurd and lovable creature of Lover and Lever, is gone forever. Perhaps fact never knew him—certainly fiction knows him no more, unless sketchily in the tales of the unquenchable "G. A. Birmingham." A new Irish novel now means, unless otherwise specified, some fresh exercise in pessimism if not animalism. These crofters and fishermen of current fiction represent the son of Erin robbed of his dream or unable to distinguish between dream and nightmare; reared in squalor, physical and spiritual, and finding relief only in poteen or in devil-ridden egotism. Liam O'Flaherty has drunk at the common spring. In his earlier novel, "A Neighbour's Wife," he accepts the external squalor, the aimless desperation, the ineffectual visions, which in the eyes of his school determine Ireland. But he is not happy about it—even about being unhappy. He is an idealist underneath, even an optimist. In "The Black Soul"[2] we see him somehow rescuing the seeds of hope and faith from the very bottom of destruction. Somehow for the beautiful, unmoral, but not unwholesome woman of the story and for the relatively paltry male egotist who is her portion a door does seem to be opening at the end of this narrative.

"Under the Levee"[3] offers thirteen stories of a New Orleans most unlike the city which readers of fiction know best, the New Orleans of Mr. Cable. Whiffs of the perfume of the gracious old Creole life do come to us, but tainted with smells of the water-front, and the old mansions of the aristocracy house strange mongrel lurkers and birds of prey. The persons of these tales are of several races and no respectability. Here is the record of their loves, their crimes, their compunctions, their revenges. It is raw stuff of human nature such as "O. Henry" loved to unearth among the slums of Manhattan and Thomas Burke, more recently, in the kindred lairs of Limehouse. E. Earl Sparling, we are told, is a young journalist born and bred in the Southwest, and has "never felt the need to get any further across the river than New Orleans." From his style and method, he might have read nothing written to westward of the Hudson. He has the brisk, snappy, "colorful" style of the Eastern magaziners too much in his ear. He is a vigorous and true-born story-teller, and we wish him the courage of his talent.

[2] The Black Soul. By Liam O'Flaherty. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

[3] Under the Levee. By E. Earl Sparling. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

There is a beautiful stage pirate on the cover of "The Shadow Captain,"[4] and the story matches him as well as it can on dry land. The action is mainly set in old New York, the time being shortly after Captain Kidd's celebrated hanging in London. The heroine is his beautiful and somewhat gamesome widow, and the hero is a mysterious gentleman who is the "spi't 'n' image" of Kidd, and may or not be that worthy in the flesh. There may, we gather, have been some hocus and even pocus about his execution. Anyhow, here is a "shadow captain" who goes by the name of Christopher Rousby, turns up in New York, and protects Madam Kidd and her daughter from the machinations of a treasure-seeking English lord and an equally wicked son of a royal Stuart. Whether Rousby is really Kidd or not is never definitely brought out—the finish deliberately leaves us guessing. An ingenious

[4] The Shadow Captain. By Emily Benson Knipe and Arthur Alden Knipe. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

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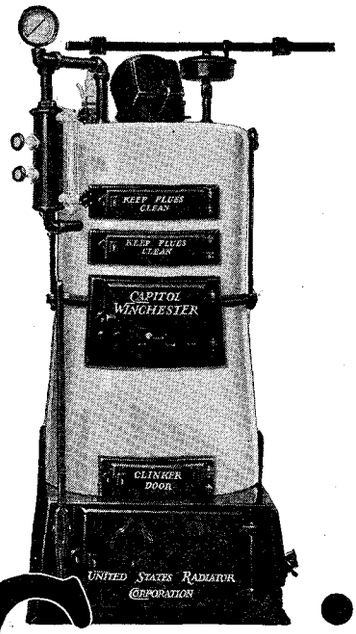

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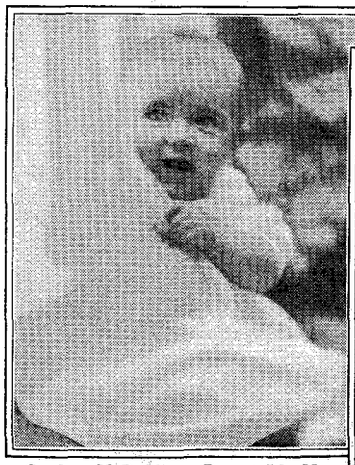

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE OUTLOOK, PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR APRIL, 1, 1925.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Harold T. Pulsifer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of THE OUTLOOK, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher—The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City. Editor—Ernest H. Abbott, 381 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. City. Managing Editor—Harold T. Pulsifer, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City. Business Manager—The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City.

2. That the owners are: The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City.

Stockholders of The Outlook Company owning 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock:

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) HAROLD T. PULSIFER, Managing Editor. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1925.

(Signed) J. LYNN EDDY.

[SEAL] Notary Public, Westchester County; New York County Clerk's No. 68; New York County Register's No. 6067; Certificate filed in New York County; Commission expires March 30, 1926.

idea, but the action is scant and the style gadzooksy.

Prize awards[5] for artistic excellence are useful in starting discussion and also, perhaps, in heartening some discouraged soul with unexpected recognition. The American Society of Arts and Sciences takes the O. Henry Memorial Award very seriously. Out of the whole field of the American magazines it makes its selections by means of a carefully geared mechanism of Readers, Annual Committee, and Judges. The results are the bestowal of a number of prizes and this collection of about twenty stories of the year. Some of us think the best thing for our story writers would be not to remember "O. Henry," but to forget him. The O. Henry formula has threatened to become the abiding curse of our magazines. Now we are getting a little away from it. The present judges make plain that "this prize is not to perpetuate O. Henry's influence," and we'll say that "O. Henry would be the first to approve that one who most honored his technique by destroying it"—ignoring might have been a better word.

The reader who is not an addict of magazine fiction is likely to find in this volume a readable but not highly memorable group of stories. Some of them are too obviously examples of clever technique; others permit us to be aware of developed situation or embroidered idea. The first prize story, "The Spring Flight," by Inez Haynes Irwin, is a product of careful artifice—if lifelike, certainly not alive. The two we expect to remember are "The Most Dangerous Game," by Richard Connell, an impossible romantic yarn told with great gusto, and "The Courier of the Czar," by Elsie Singmaster, one of her most searching and tender studies of human nature with a Pennsylvania-Dutch accent.

[5] O. Henry Memorial Award. Prize Stories of 1924. Chosen by the Society of Arts and Sciences. With an Introduction by Blanche Colton Williams. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.

The New Books

FICTION

MacIVOR'S FOLLY. By Hugh MacNair Kahler and Donald Grant Herring. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

"A stiff-necked throw-back from Puritan days" was MacIvor, a tenacious Scotchman whose belief in foreordination, instead of luck, runs pretty close to fatalism. He was much of a man, and he had his tender side also, as Jane Borden found. This is a straightforward tale of love and adventure in the Carolina sand-hills, the last forests of which

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MacIvor is defending against the plots of the lumber-snatchers, while his peach orchards furnish resources for the fight.

PRISONERS. By Franz Molnar. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.50.

The author of "The Swan" and "The Guardsman" naturally has the dramatic form in the back of his mind even in writing fiction. Thus we have here a succession of scenes, each with its situation, rather than an evenly developed continuity of structure. A little tragic-comedy in the life of Budapest serves to bring out strongly a few unusual personalities, notably a newly engaged pretty, passionate, and unscrupulous cashier in a pastry shop, who robs the till, enrages the proprietor by scorning his love, nearly turns crazy a moody and needy poet and actor, and finally falls deeply in love with her young lawyer, who is already engaged to the daughter of the governor of the city prison. Molnar juggles with these bare facts with remarkable skill and satirical intent.

DRAMA

THE CHARLESTON STAGE IN THE XVIII CENTURY. By Eola Willis. The State Company, Columbia, S. C. $5.

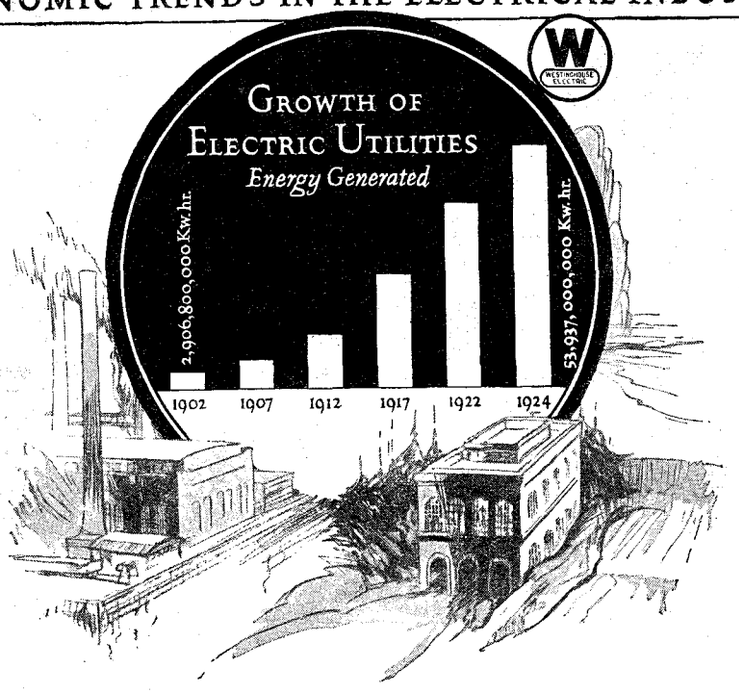
It is fine to come across some one brave enough to do such a monumental and serviceable volume as this. Seilhamer, Durang, Dunlap, have preserved many invaluable records of the American theater. But they have misrepresented the claims of Charleston, South Carolina, and have merely suggested, and not proved, her claims to be mentioned in the same category with Williamsburg, Philadelphia, Annapolis, and New York—the dramatic centers during colonial days.

The reason for this ignorance was that none of the historians had sufficient courage to do what Eola Willis has done; to take the South Carolina newspapers of the period, go through them with a fine comb, extract every reference made to the theater of the time, collate and correlate this data, and put it into a running picture of the period. This must be done with faithfulness, if it is to be of any value to the future. The author has realized this; has also realized that the old papers are crumbling, and that evidence of a dramatic past in Charleston would soon be dust in truth.

The consequence is that this generously large volume preserves in excellent fashion the proud, picturesque dramatic past of a picturesque city with a colonial civilization full of color. No history of the American theater can be considered hereafter without consulting this book. And that is measure of its service.

Are there any revolutionary disclosures in this book? To a degree, yes. For Dunlap, Seilhamer, Durang, and others will have to be revised. Charleston

ECONOMIC TRENDS IN THE ELECTRICAL INDUSTRY



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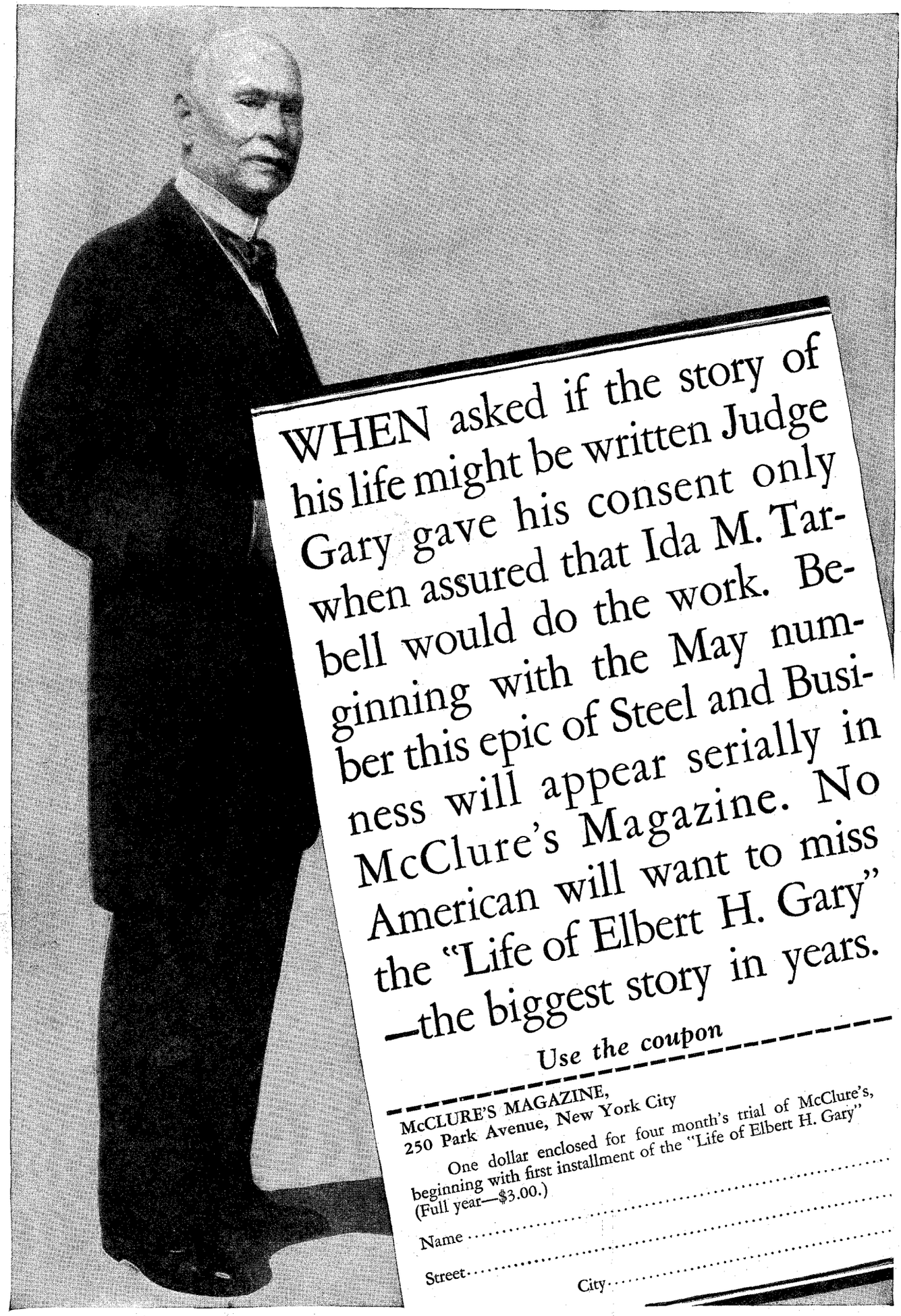
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claims, according to evidence, priority in most of the details connected with the beginning of the theater in America. Check up on early playhouses, on early actors, on early prologues, and so on: Charleston leads the way. Outside of these points, which scholars will be interested in, the other matters contained in this volume show that Charleston theater taste and habit were not unlike the tastes and habits of the Northern colonies. Perhaps the light fantastic toe was more prominent among its fair ladies; perhaps music held a greater grip upon it. But it was a Restoration society, according to the plays, and it saw many of the repertories that traveled the country through. But also new actors, new faces, new romances, are suggested in this volume.

Coming from the South, this "The Charleston Stage in the XVIII Century" is a significant bit of scholarly enthusiasm. New Orleans and Annapolis should do for their locality what Eola Willis has done for South Carolina.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

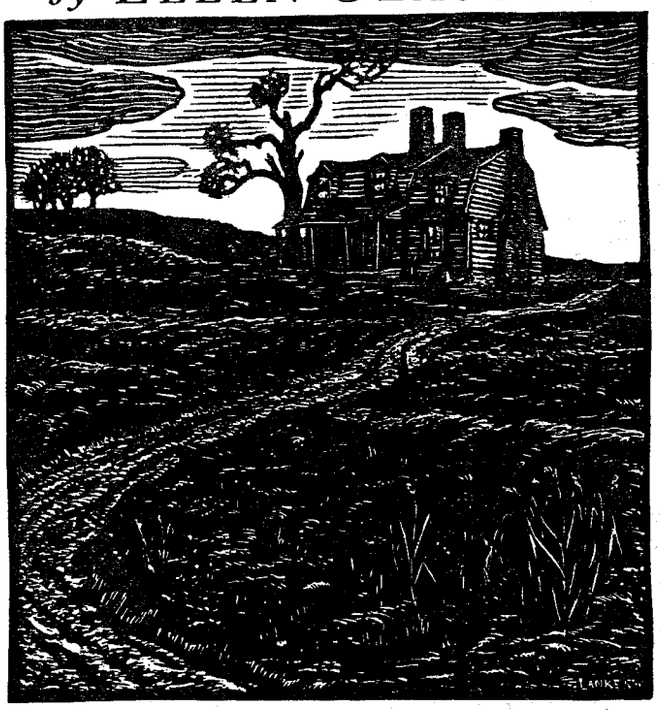
SPANISH SUNSHINE. By Eleanor Elsner. The Century Company, New York. $4.

Sitting at tiny tables upon the pavement, drinking chocolate and commenting upon the passers-by, is a favorite Spanish diversion. "No one must feel offended at these comments if they understand them, for they are not meant rudely at all. When a pretty girl passes, the men look at her gravely, touch their hats, and generally say, 'God bless your mother!' . . . One of our party asked a little boy his name, and the answer came at once: *'Juan, Para servir a Dios y a Usted'* (John, to serve God and you). . . . I was on excellent terms with all the beggars who sat on the Cathedral steps, having arranged with one to give him so much a week on condition that no one else bothered me. The arrangement was made known, and I was never begged from and always greeted by my friends on the steps. 'You have no parasol with you, Señora, and the sun will be hot later,' they might warn, or 'Cover your mouth, my sister, in the name of God, for the *terral* blows to-day.' "

One need scarcely read further than these scraps from the first chapter of Mrs. Elsner's "Spanish Sunshine" to be comfortably assured that she will undermine no castles in Spain that stay-at-homes with longings for future travel may have reared. Lovely, leisurely, pious, polite, romantic Spain as this observant and sympathetic visitor saw and portrays it is indeed a captivating country. Its shadows and its problems she intentionally ignores. Madrid may mutter and Barcelona seethe, but neither industrial cloud nor political thunder

BARREN GROUND

by ELLEN GLASGOW



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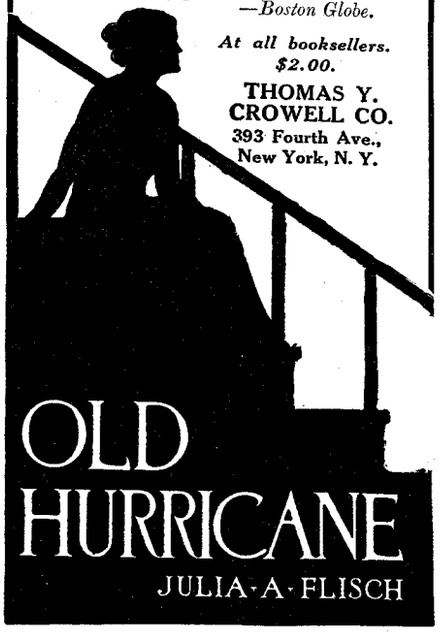

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ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

SHIP ALLEY; MORE SAILOR TOWN DAYS. By C. Fox Smith. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

In the always entertaining British "Who's Who" Miss Cecily Fox Smith confides that her chief recreation is "dock walloping." No reader of her first volume of "Sailor Town Days," or her "Sea Songs and Ballads," or the present charming little book, will deny that she has walloped to good purpose—translated, that she has idled down many a ship alley, "the street with the sea at the end of it." The six illustrations by Phil W. Smith show that she had the proper sort of companion. Ship models, figure-heads, Limehouse, and sailors' inns are her topics, and she treats them all lightly and entertainingly, with, alas! frequent recognition that some of her essays are souvenirs of a *temps jadis*.

BIOGRAPHY

JOHN, VISCOUNT MORLEY: An Appreciation and Some Reminiscences. By John H. Morgan. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

When Lord Morley, famous as biographer of Cobden and Gladstone, forbade in his will that any formal biography of him should be written, he did an odd thing and probably a useless thing. He made sure some delay, but he also insured that special care and attention would be given to the task when, after the usual decent interval, some scholar should muster the necessary energy and excuses for undertaking it. Meanwhile he left room for such a volume as the present one, which needs no excuses whatever. It is the work of one who, in the subject's lifetime, was his intimate friend and critic. Three of the four chapters that deal with Morley's literary work appeared while he was alive, and were commended by him. The other chapters say nothing at all about his private life, except that it was noble and generous.

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The other three chapters show him to us as a man in active public life. He was a supreme example of "the thinker in politics." John Stuart Mill was his acknowledged master. But Morley, "unlike Mill, had a passion for literature and an instinct for life." We see him here in his full stature as a leader in the House of Commons, as Chief Secretary for Ireland, as Secretary of State for India (very firm in his authority over the Viceroy), and, finally, as dissentient member of the Cabinet which brought England into the war. A bitter chapter that, of which Mr. Morgan promises to tell us the whole story some time. Here, through reports of conversations and extracts from letters, he gives us a glimpse of Morley's attitude, and of the anguish it brought to his later days.

SEVENTY YEARS OF LIFE AND LABOR: An Autobiography. By Samuel Gompers. 2 vols. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $10.

This work contains a vast store of material on the career of Mr. Gompers and the history of the American labor movement. It betrays, however, a sad lack of editorial care. The material is haphazardly arranged; dates are missing where their need is most vital, and the misspelling and mishandling of personal names, both in the text and in the index, rises to the rank of an atrocity. To one who, like the reviewer, has been in or near or otherwise acquainted with most of what has happened in this field since the middle eighties this work cannot prove else than a disappointment.

But out of it emerges clearly the sturdy figure that for more than forty years was the acknowledged leader of "pure and simple" American trade-unionism. It is idle to speculate on what his social philosophy and attitude would have been had he grown up in the labor movement of Germany or that of England. What is fairly certain is that what he called his philosophy was forced upon him by circumstances. From its early days he was the conservator of the modern trade-union movement. Visionaries and utopians of every school ranted and stormed about him and sought to swing the movement now this way and now that. He had strong common sense; he knew what was disruptive from what was constructive; and so, with feet planted on the ground, he resisted all these efforts. As a consequence he made many enemies, and these enemies constantly fought him with extreme malevolence. They plotted against him, they sought over and over again to unseat him, and, that failing, to divide the forces of labor. But the net result on Gompers of all these machinations was to hold him ever more closely to the lines of straight-out

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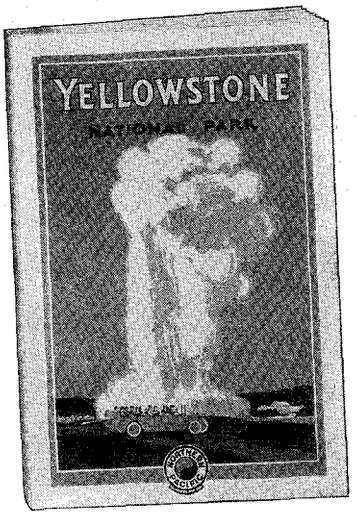

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trade-unionism. And so, patiently and ploddingly, over a long period of years he guided the building of a great movement.

He was not a thinker (in the real sense) nor much of a reader. He was never a good writer; most of his writing was done for him by others. Nor did he ever become, for all his years of practice, a good speaker. His sentences were often lumbering and heavy and not infrequently involved. But he had the voice of an orator and an impressive manner in which an obvious strength of conviction played the chief part. One knew what the man meant even when his sentence defied all the rules of the rhetoricians. And then he had, as his admirers know so well, dramatic ability. "It was," observes one of his secretaries, "his most fundamental quality." He knew how to stage a climax to the complete discomfiture of his enemies; and in most of the great crises of his career this ability enabled him to score a triumph. He had in rare combination the qualities needed for his office. It is inconceivable that any of his fellows in the labor movement could have done his work.

By the Way

FROM Don Marquis's "The Sun Dial:"

FUNERALS

We buried the mouse that was caught in a trap,
And Caroline cried, for she said
He was furry and soft, and he wanted to play,
And she hated to think he was dead.

We buried the mouse. And we had a parade,
The striped agate footstone was mine.
We put a cracked teacup for flowers at his head,
And Jane made a wreath. It was fine.

We buried that mouse about eight or ten times,
Parthenia and 'Melia and Jane
And Caroline cried. So we dug him all up
And buried him over again.

JANE.

From "Le Rire" (Paris):

"Have you a book called 'How to Combat the High Cost of Living'?"

"Yes, but I ought to mention that the price has been raised."

From the "Bucknell Belle-Hop:"

Traveler—"Did you find a roll containing $50 under my pillow?"

Pullman Porter—"Yas, suh; thank you, suh."

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The Gully Ows

By Bill Adams

Whether such things happen in the big cities back East I don't know; but queer things happen in little towns in Californy.

For instance, there were the Gully Ows. The kid named them by that name, and if she'd been to Columbia University she couldn't have hit it better.

There was Mr. Gully Ow, Mrs. Gully Ow, Mary Gully Ow, and the boy. Ow was a workingman, of course. We were all workingmen on Bellah Street, barring old man Rintoul, who'd once been on a Government errand to England, and now took the "Appeal to Reason" and distributed it around among the rest of us.

Mr. Gully Ow rented the old cook wagon that, taken off the wagon-bed on which it had been hauled for a dozen years or so from ranch to ranch at hay-baling time, had been bought by old Joe Wise and set down on the back of his lots, which were next to mine.

Everything's changed down there now, and old Joe has sold out and gone back to Indiana.

The Ows had a small runabout car with no top to it and a delivery body behind. They parked it by the cook wagon, in which, in its one room, was one bed. They'd the electric light and a second-hand oil-stove in the cook wagon; but carried water from Joe's back porch.

They moved in one afternoon when I was at work, and the first I knew of them was after dark, when a lot of swearing started near by. The kid said, "It's the Ows."

"Ows?" said I. "What Ows?"

"The Gully Ows," said the kid, and, with a towel round me, I got out of the bathtub to see what was doing at the back of Joe's place.

Mrs. Ow was standing in the middle of the cook-wagon floor without a rag on and cursing a blue streak. Ow was standing looking at her distractedly, and the boy and girl were sitting on the edge of the bed listening to their mother.

Ow'd forgotten to bring their money in from under the seat of the runabout, where Mrs. Ow sat on it all day while Ow and the children worked picking oranges.

Ow went out to see if the money was safe. Mrs. Ow pulled a chemise over herself and followed him. Ow started the engine, and as Mrs. Ow got onto the running-board put his foot on the pedal and backed into the alley. The children ran from the cook wagon and jumped in

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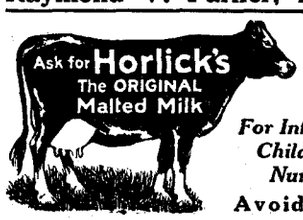

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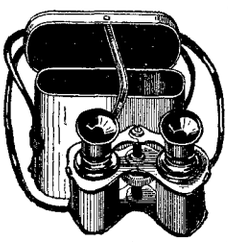

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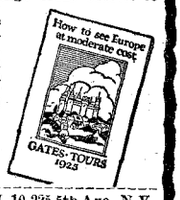

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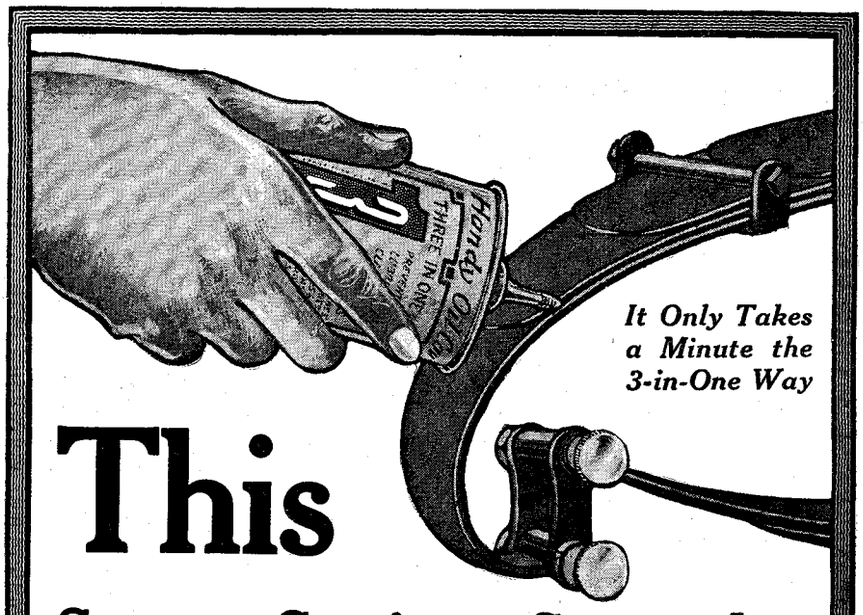

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SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

behind, and away they all went on a joy ride, with the money under the seat.

We were all asleep on our porch when they came home. I woke up and watched the kids and Mr. Ow lie down on the bed, and Mrs. Ow on the floor with the money tucked under her arm in a canvas bag.

Next day was Sunday, and Joe Wise went to Baptist church like he always did. Every time he came back he called me to the wire fence between our lots and said, "I swan if I ain't heerd the best sermon to-day as I never did hear yet." Then he'd sit on his back step and spend the afternoon reading the "Appeal to Reason."

That afternoon he didn't read the "Appeal." Ow got to talking with him, and pretty soon they called me to the fence. Joe Wise bent over the wire and asked me.

"Bill," he said, "you bin educated some. *He* says as the Kaiser ain't the Pope, and *I* says he is. What do *you* say?"

I said, "Go ask old man Rintoul. I don't know."

Old man Rintoul's dead. Mrs. Ow's in the insane asylum. Ow's married again. The boy died in the flu epidemic, and the girl sells soda pop and ice-cream at the dairy. At least, she did when I sold out on Bellah Street.

Contributors' Gallery

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN L. HINES, who will be Joint Chief Umpire at the Hawaiian Maneuvers which take place during the week of April 27 to May 2, is a graduate of West Point with a distinguished career which has carried him to Cuba, the Philippines, Mexico, France, and Japan. His article in this issue is designed to point out the problems which confront the Army in holding its position on Oahu against naval attacks. Next week the Navy's side will be discussed by Rear-Admiral Hilary P. Jones, President of the General Board and former Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet.

K. K. KAWAKAMI is Washington correspondent to the Osaka Mainichi publications of Osaka and Tokyo, Japan. We think it particularly appropriate that the new Japanese Ambassador should be interviewed by Mr. Kawakami, who, though a fellow-countryman, has lived for some time in America.

IN this issue George Marvin introduces us to New Orleans, "The Mistress of the Mississippi." His next article, on Nashville, a city dedicated to industry and education. will appear in our issue of April 29.

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